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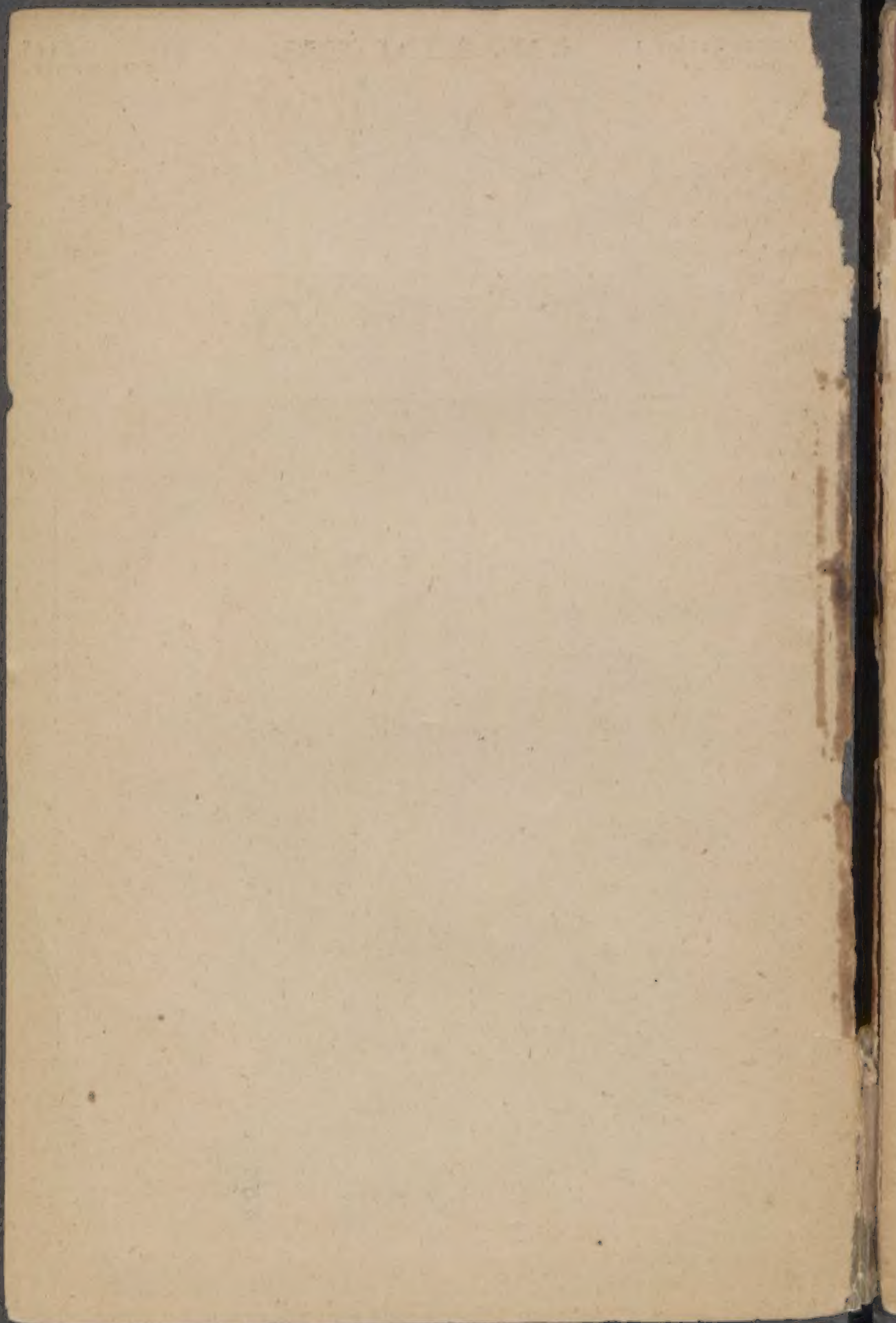
# POCKET NOVELS



## The Specter Spy.









THE SPECTER SPY;

OR,

THE WIZARD CANOE.

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# THE SPECTER SPY; OR, THE WIZARD CANOE

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE SPECTER SPY.

Two men were lying at the foot of a little slope, upon the St. Lawrence river, a few miles below the city of Montreal. Both were in the service of the English, but one wore the uniform of a private and the other was dressed as a captain of rifles. The private was a dark-browed, moody-looking man, with a savage eye and a heavy, muscular frame—a man from whom we would shrink instinctively if we met him in a dark wood at night, or in any solitary place. His only weapons were a heavy rifle and a long knife, with horseman's pistols in a black belt. His companion was younger than he, with rather a prepossessing face at first sight, but which did not show any great force of character. Indeed, he looked like a man who was not naturally bad, but who could easily be led to deeds of evil. They were reclining at their ease upon the soft turf, talking with a familiarity which seemed strange in a British captain and a private.

"You say there is such a man as the Specter Spy, Cline?" said the captain.

"No doubt of it, Captain Haverly. I'll tell you about it as far as I know, though I can't say I understand it myself. You know what I am—a reckless dare-devil, who would not like to have all his old deeds raked up against him, and you know why. I've done some bad things in my time, because the world has used me roughly. Else, why am I, a man of education and good family, a scrub for men to wipe their dirty feet on, honored by being chosen by Captain Wharton Haverly as his servant? Much of the evil I have done has been on



this account. I'll tell you none of my deeds, but that the Specter Spy exists there can be no doubt. He has haunted me for three years."

"Why?"

"How can I tell? I only know that this devil makes my life a burden to me, and I would give all I am or ever hope to be if he were either proved to be a human being and put safely under the sod, or I could lay his ghost."

"Some one to whom you have given the *coup de grace* in some of your expeditions has doubtless risen from the grave to haunt you," said Haverly, laughing.

"You may jeer at it if you like," said Cline, "but if you had waked at night to see that gigantic form standing in the darkness of your tent with all its hideous deformity, you would not laugh."

"Ha! ha! ha!" shrieked a voice close at hand. "He fears the Specter Spy. Ha! ha! ha!"

Both men bounded to their feet and dashed into the thicket behind them, in the direction of the voice. When they had gone a little distance, seeing no trace of the stranger, both listened. Not a sound was heard save the rush of the flowing river and the sighing of the wind through the branches of the trees. They looked at each other in surprise and alarm, when that unearthly laugh sounded again near the place they had just left. Darting hastily back, they were again unsuccessful, for their unknown enemy, if enemy it was, could be seen nowhere. Muttering an angry curse at the intruder, they stopped again and looked about them.

"The devil!" said Haverly; "this is very strange."

"You will find it so. This is the Specter Spy. I know that unearthly laugh too well to mistake him for any one else. I shall go mad if this continues, for upon my soul he is wearing me out. Three years I have endured this daily and nightly visitation, and I can not explain it."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared the voice. "Bah! he fears the Specter Spy. Ha! ha! ha!"

"He is hidden near at hand," cried Haverly. "Let us search about the place. It shall go hard with me but I will find the villain out."

"You can not," whispered Cline, turning his awe-struck



face slowly in every direction. "It is vain to attempt it, for I know that I have often vainly searched, after he had been in my quarters. He will beat them up to-night."

"Why, do you think the Yankees are coming?"

"Do I think so? Did I not tell you that they are coming?"

"I know you told me, but your report was so vague that I could hardly credit your story."

"I tell you that I know," replied the other, fiercely. "Don't dare to insult me by saying that my report is not true. Montgomery, and we have no braver General, no, nor one nearly as brave in our ranks, has sent that hot-blooded but brave giant, Colonel Ethan Allen, of the colony of Vermont, or rather what is called the Hampshire Grants, to arouse our people to rebellion. I tell you that there is no one upon our frontier who has so much influence among our people, and we must fear him, because—"

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted a voice not twenty yards away, near the river-bank. "You fear Ethan Allen, too. Ha! ha! ha! Beware the Specter Spy!"

Nearly frantic with rage and fear, the two men dashed up the stream in the direction of the voice, searching everywhere, in the thickets, in the rushes along the banks, but with poor success. Not a trace of their haunting personage was to be found. They roamed vaguely up and down for half an hour, and hearing no more of the spy, turned their steps toward Montreal again. They were upon the American side of the stream, and came out of the woods upon a point, directly opposite the island and city of Montreal. Between them and the city lay the beautiful little island of St. Helen's, upon which was built two heavy stone buildings, formerly the property of the Barons of Longueuil. A canoe was drawn up on the bank, and Wharton Haverly took his seat in the bow, while Cline lifted the paddle and sent the light craft whirling from the shore. As it touched the beach of the island, for they did not propose to go to the city itself, Wharton sprung out and pulled it further up. Cline now left the canoe, and lifting it in their arms they carried it to a covered shed where it would be protected from the sun, and turned toward the smaller of the two buildings upon the island nearest the city. From



this point a good view could be obtained of the city, with its heavy walls and battlements, from which the grim cannon protruded, its spires pointing upward, and the flag of England floating from the square turret upon the northern side. Haverly was deeply annoyed by the strange adventure with the Specter Spy, and did not know how to account for it. Cline, who had suffered before from his haunting visitation, said nothing about it.

"You think this fellow will come here to-night?" said Haverly.

"I have not the slightest doubt of it," replied Cline.

"But, how is he to know whether we have gone to the island or the city?"

"A common man could have found that out by watching us; but the Specter Spy could find me anywhere."

"Tush! I did not think you could be so foolish," said Haverly. "I am astonished that you should allow superstition to take so strong hold of you."

"Can you explain the mystery?"

"Not just now; but—"

"Could we find him when we looked for him? And yet it seemed as if scarcely twenty paces separated him from us. You call *me* superstitious, when you yourself are shaking with fear that he will pay you a visit."

"You are bold, sir. Do you know to whom you are talking?"

"Certainly," was the cool reply. "A rather opinionated personage, a captain in the British army under the worshipful Guy Carleton, with the worthy General Prescott in command at Montreal. But, opinionated as this worthy individual is, he dare not, for his life, insult High Private Cline of the rifles."

Haverly was ghastly pale, and once or twice laid his hand upon his sword-hilt, and made an attempt to draw it from the scabbard. But, the fierce glance which Cline bent upon him made him change his purpose, and it dropped back into its sheath.

"Nonsense, captain," said Cline, insolently. "We know our relative positions well enough to understand that, fallen though I am, from the high social standing I once occupied,



I am not to be put upon or insulted by any person or persons upon whom the sun shines, and that I would cut that man's throat from ear to ear, who dared to put as much as the weight of a finger upon me in anger. Besides, I have another hold upon you."

"Don't speak of it, Cline," said the young man. "Come, now, be a good fellow. You know I was joking, and never meant to draw the sword. But, you really forget what is due from a man in your station in life, however undeserved, to to one in mine."

"I forget nothing when it is necessary to be cautious. I only do this as a warning to you, to beware what you say to me. Let us get back to what we were saying and never mind dignity; you can stand upon that, when any of the other officers are here. If they visit us to-night, for instance, you will find me your most faithful and obedient servant. But to the Specter Spy. He will surely come to-night."

"I do not think so."

"I will forfeit my life upon his coming."

"Very good; then we will be prepared for his excellency's appearance. I mean to try if the worthy is pistol-proof."

"You can not hit him."

"I can at least try my best. If I fail; after having a good shot at him, you shall say with truth he is a spirit and not a mortal. I never miss my mark. But, I do not believe that we shall see him at all, for he would not have the hardihood to come upon this island so near the city."

"You will see."

"Where are the men?"

"In the house."

"I will go in and speak to them."

He opened the door of the house and went in, leaving Cline lounging on the steps. Passing down a long hall, he entered a room at the lower side, where five men were seated about a low table eating their noontide meal. They were soldiers of the rifles in Haverly's company. They had thrown off their belts and caps, and were discussing the merits of a knuckle of bacon, washed down by strong coffee, with infinite zest. Hearing the captain's step, all looked up, and seeing their officer, rose and saluted.



"Be seated, men," said Haverly. "Sergeant Woodhouse, whom do you propose to post upon the river side of the island to-night?"

"Private Willis, sir," replied the sergeant, saluting again.

"A good soldier. Then understand your orders, private Willis. I have reasons for suspecting a Yankee spy up this way to-night. You will be on the alert, and if you see any thing suspicious you will not give any loud alarm, but pass the word for me, unless the danger is very pressing, in which case you will fire of course."

"Yes, sir," said private Willis. "I will remember what you say."

"I have especial reason for wishing to take this fellow. He is the notorious Specter Spy."

"The deuce!" cried Sergeant Woodhouse. "Beg pardon for using that language, sir, but you took me by surprise when you said that. May I ask if you have seen this chap, sir?"

"I have not, but I have heard him."

"Laughing, sir?"

"Yes."

"That's him. He comes, haw-haw-hawing about in the dead hours of night like an uneasy ghost. And they *do* say, sir, that it's nothing else *but* a ghost. As far as I am concerned I don't mind fighting any living thing, but I don't like the look of ghosts."

"Nonsense. I intend to prove to you that this ghost is of veritable flesh and blood, before the night is over. The devil is in my men I believe. Here is my most trusted Sergeant, Woodhouse, singing the same song as Walt Cline. Let us hear no more about ghosts, but understand that I want to take this man alive."

"If it's only a man, I'll fix him," said Woodhouse. "If it's a ghost and you was to tell me to tackle it, I'd obey orders if the ghost froze to me on the spot, and never let go his hold. What time do you expect him?"

"I don't really think he will come," said Haverly. "But Cline thinks he will be sure to come. Confound him, anyhow. I wanted to go to the city to-night upon business, and now I must stay here. It would be a feather in my cap to take ~~this~~ man."



"I doubt if you take him," replied Woodhouse. "No matter; we can try. Good-day, sir."

The officer passed out, leaving the men to finish their meal. Two of them had not as good appetites as before the entrance of their captain. One of them was private Willis, who was to stand guard upon the side from which the Specter Spy was expected to come, and the other was the man who must relieve him after he had stood guard the regular time. The change of countenance in Willis did not escape the sharp eyes of the sergeant, always on the alert to keep his men in good condition, and he spoke of it.

"What's the matter, Willis?" he said.

"I don't know," replied the man. "A sharp pain went through my bowels like a knife, so sharp, I don't like it much."

"Don't you feel well, now?"

"I can't say that I do. I think I'll have another twingo of pain before long. You couldn't put some one else on guard first, I suppose? I'd make it up some other time when I felt better."

"Either of you fellows want to stand guard in his place to-night?" said the sergeant, looking at the two men who were on duty upon the other side of the island. No; of course you won't. You'll have to stand, Willis. Maybe the pain will wear off."

"I'm afraid I'm going to be dreadful sick," said Willis, doubling across the corner of the table.

"I know what lays so hard on his stomach," said one of the happy couple posted upon the city side.

"What is it?" said Willis. "I wish you would tell me."

"You've got to take a dose of Specter Spy, and don't like it," replied the man.

"Liar!" screamed Willis, making a blow at him. A row was imminent, but the sergeant interposed and stopped it. The ruse of Willis to get rid of the obnoxious duty failed, and he gave it up in despair.



## CHAPTER II.

## MONA.

CAPTAIN WHARTON HAVERLY prided himself upon his ancient descent, and thought that good blood was sufficient to atone a multitude of sins. Getting out the canoe, after speaking to the soldiers, he set out for the city. A few minutes sufficed to take him there, and, being well known, he readily passed the water gate, and entered the city. Montreal, at that time, was far from being the powerful city it now is, but it was a beautiful town even in this early day, and was the second place in importance in the province. Guy Carleton, the Governor, had made General Prescott post-commandant, while he made his own head-quarters at the more important place, St. John's. It was a period when much was feared from the Americans, or Yankees, as they were scornfully named. The young and ardent Montgomery had just taken command of the American forces, and had secured the assistance of Ethan Allen, of Bennington, a man whose influence among the Canadians dwelling upon the borders of the "Hampshire Grants," now the State of Vermont, was wonderful. None knew this better than the British Generals. They feared Allen's influence greatly, and would have given much to get him in their power. They knew that he was somewhere in the lower districts, stirring up the disaffected Canadians; but he came and went like a spirit, leaving no sign.

General Prescott had his head-quarters upon Notre Dame street, in a large stone building, once occupied by Count Levis, but which passed from his hands when the British took possession of the city. Major-General Prescott was a man afterward infamous in the annals of the Revolution, as one of the meanest of the many petty tyrants which the war inflicted upon the colonies. He was a coward in times of danger, as all tyrants are. He had been reared in the lap of British aristocracy, and taught all its precepts of exclusiveness, and the right of power, not justice. Possessing a narrow mind, and



that warped by success and adulation, he knew nothing of benevolence and charity. His judgment was perverse to a degree almost unparalleled in the history of men; a heart never touched by the cry of the needy with the smallest spark of sympathy, but when avaricious men opened their lips to plead, he was open to the unanswerable argument of guineas.

Such was the man at whose door Captain Haverly knocked; and admission, about two o'clock in the afternoon. An orderly took in his name to the General, and he was allowed to enter. These men had something in common—an inordinate pride of race; and the General was glad to see his captain, whose blood was unexceptionable. He stated his errand in plain words, and said that he believed he could take Ethan Allen prisoner, if allowed to do so.

"Good news that will be," said Prescott. "I would load the traitor down with chains, in such a way that he would cry out for mercy. How many will you take with you?"

"I think four besides my servant."

"Cline?"

"Yes, General."

"A hangdog villain! I do not like the look of his eye," said Prescott.

"And yet there is no better blood in England, below the throne, than that of Walter Cline. He has changed his name, because, in his low estate, it would be a mockery for him to bear it longer. But if I were to whisper in your ear the name he has a right to bear, you would be surprised."

"What is it?"

Haverly gave the name in a low tone.

"It can not be," said Prescott, with an oath. "Can he prove it?"

"He has it in black and white."

"Then I do not wonder that he shows such an intractable spirit. I was afraid I should be obliged to have the fellow shot if he did not cease his insolence to his officers. He wants this kept secret, I suppose?"

"Undoubtedly."

"He shows a proper spirit," said Prescott. "Ah, blood will tell, you know. It is a cursed pity that we can do nothing for him. He understands scouting, does he not?"



"Yes."

"We might give him a captaincy in one of the provincial regiments."

"I doubt if he would take it," said Haverly. "I don't think you understand the man fully. No man, not even you or I, is prouder of his old blood than he, and he prefers to live as my servant, because I will not treat him badly, knowing what I do."

"I understand that he has a daughter," said Prescott.

Haverly looked at him sharply, and half angrily. "She is not of her father's kind," he said. "We won't bandy her name about. Mona Cline is a good girl, and there is not a woman in Montreal, now that Marie D'Arcy has left us, who can compare with her in beauty and grace."

"It is the old blood cropping out," said Prescott. "I have never seen Mona Cline, but one of my aids, Jameson, is crazy about her. To hear him talk, one would suppose that no such beauty ever lived."

"Few such, at any rate," said Haverly, promptly. "And I honor her because she has steadily refused to become acquainted with the host of fellows who are mad to know her."

"Then I am to understand that you know her."

"I can not say that, even. Strange as it may seem, Walter Cline has money enough, and Mona lives in good style in the family of Mr. Richard Borden, the linen-draper. She rarely ever comes down when I visit with her father, and when she does, she has little to say."

"Describe her."

"No need, General. Step to the window and you will see her."

A lady was walking her horse down the street, holding him with the hand of a mistress. It was a face such as we seldom see in woman, clearly cut as an ancient cameo, and noble in every line. Her hair was dark, but lustrous, and allowed to flow in a great mass of shining curls to her saddle, sustained at the forehead by a silver band. Her eyes flashed with animation, and she spoke encouraging words to her horse, while patting him with a hand white and small as that of any lady in the land. The General was completely taken by sur-



prise as this vision of beauty rode by, attended only by a boy, about fourteen years of age, with whom she was talking pleasantly.

"*That* a servant's daughter!" said Prescott. "Upon my honor it is impossible to believe it. Ha; what does that mean?"

Haverly had suddenly dashed out of the house, and hurried toward the fair equestrian. The cause of this sudden movement was apparent to Prescott in a moment. Two drunken Canadian officers, coming down the street arm in arm, had been attracted by her beauty, and, leaving the sidewalk, had seized her horse by the bridle.

"*Mort dieu!*" cried one in his mixed French, "I s'all 'ave ze honore for introduce myself to mademoiselle's favorable notice. I am called Jean Jacques Morillon, of the guard. The favor of mademoiselle's name is all I ask."

"Release my bridle, insolent ruffian," said the lady.

"Oh, *pardieu*," said the Frenchman. "Mademoiselle s'all 'ave mercy upon her unfortunate slave. She s'all tell him her name, so zat he s'all 'ave ze honore to pay her one leetle *veesit*."

In answer, she raised her riding whip and gave him a blow across the face, which raised a "welt" from forehead to chin.

He uttered a yell of rage, and seized her wrist in his disengaged hand. Just as he did so, Captain Haverly arrived upon the scene, and struck the fellow in the face with his clenched fist, before he could defend himself. He staggered back, and released his hold of the bridle, and then drew his sword with a sounding oath. His companion followed his example, and the two faced a single man.

"What does this mean, gentlemen?" said Haverly. "How dare you insult a lady in the open street?"

"Monsieur seems to interfere easily in the business of another," said Jean Jacques Morillon. "It will be an excuse for us to cross swords."

"Do not fight with him, Captain Haverly," said Mona Cline. "I beg of you, do not."

"Defend yourself, monsieur le capitaine," cried Morillon, striking the captain with the flat of the blade.

Haverly flushed, and drawing his own sword, made a rapid



thrust at the Frenchman, which, if his companion had not parried, would have ended his affairs forever.

"Two to one," said Haverly, who did not lack for courage. "Come on, then."

They rushed at him together, but found that they had an experienced foe to deal with. Haverly had been trained in a good school, and fought skillfully, wounding both his assailants before he was touched. The wine the Canadians had been drinking had not improved their sword-play, but they would doubtless have been too much for the single man opposed to them but for the appearance of the patrol, who assisted Haverly in taking the two men into custody. The assistance rendered by the captain had been timely, and Mona thanked him warmly for the manly act.

"There is one way in which you can cancel any slight service I have done," said Haverly. "You will refuse it, though."

"Try me."

"Permission to visit you now and then."

"If it will be any pleasure to you to call upon one whose station no one knows better than yourself, do so. I shall be glad to see you."

"Yet you refused to become acquainted with many of our men," said Haverly.

"Because I doubted them and their motives. They seemed to me merely holiday warriors, who would pass an idle hour with me and be ashamed to mention it afterward. Even you must not come too often, and I do not know that my father will allow it as it is."

"I'll make you an offer, captain," said the boy who had accompanied Mona. "I've got to go to St. Helen's, and if you will give me a pass and let me use your canoe, you may take my horse and ride with Miss Mona."

"Done!" said Haverly, "with Miss Cline's permission."

"As you please," said Mona.

Haverly hastily scribbled the order in a note-book, and the boy gave up his horse. The young couple rode on down the narrow street amid the angry and surprised glances of many red-coated young heroes, who had wished to become acquainted with Mona Cline and had been refused an introduction by the



gentleman in whose family she was placed. "Miss Cline does not wish to become acquainted with persons above her in social rank," was the answer she always gave, up to this time, and Haverly was the only one who had dared to speak to her in Montreal. She had come from Quebec six months before, for she had been educated in a convent, and her father gave her all the money she required to dress as well as any lady in the middle ranks of life.

"Why is it that your father refuses to be raised in rank, when he could easily have it done by my influence?"

"I can not tell," said Mona, coldly. "I must ask you one favor before we go further, Captain Haverly. Do not speak of my father to me. Do not think this wish arises from any pride which will not let me recognize a man in humble station, for we know that he only remains as he is to serve his own aims, whatever they may be."

"I shall be glad to leave him out of the question," said Haverly. "But, suppose a really impossible thing, as for instance that he refused to let me visit you: what would you do?"

"I should send you a polite note requesting you to visit me no more."

"And if I came after that?"

"You would not be permitted to see me," she said, in the same quiet tone she had used before. "I have a stronger will than people give me credit for, and I should be able to live even if deprived of the society of Captain Wharton Haverly."

"Confound the girl," muttered the gallant captain, "she is laughing at me. How the deuce does she dare do that?"

They rode out at the barriers and dashed along a bridle-path which led beside the shining stream. Mona had not lost her time in the convent in which she had been educated. Haverly found her full of rare attainments, far surpassing any lady he had ever known. "If her cursed father was not my servant," muttered he, "blame me if I would not fall in love with her. I don't promise not to, as it is."

"There is a canoe upon the river," said Mona, pointing out into the stream. It was true, but the canoe had no occupant. It floated on upon the bosom of the stream, and yet no pad-



dle was seen, though the canoe moved quite rapidly *across the current*.

"That is strange," said Haverly. "I don't see the paddle."

"Nor the paddler," said Mona. "See, the canoe shapes its course for St. Helen's, now. I never saw a boat drift so nicely. One would think it steered by a rudder."

"That is true. I wish I had a canoe here and I would investigate the mystery. What is the controlling power of this strange craft? It is somewhat different from a canoe, now I look at it closely."

"We are both deceived," said Mona. "It is nothing but a log. It can not be more than seven feet long, and the upper part looks like a log, certainly. Where has it gone?"

Haverly uttered an exclamation of surprise and rode quickly down to the water's edge. A moment before the strange craft was in sight, sailing without a guiding hand across the rapid stream, and the next it had vanished as completely as if destroyed by a lightning-stroke. Mona looked at her companion in dismay, but laughed when she saw the expression of horrified surprise upon his face.

"Did you ever see the like?" said he, in a hushed tone.

"It is very strange. It is time for us to turn back. Let us ride as fast as we can and perhaps we shall see it again."

They turned their horses' heads and rode down the stream at a rapid pace, watching the water. After riding half a mile they heard a commotion as of a fish leaping from the water, and the strange craft came slowly to the surface. It did not remain there long, for after a moment the water again closed over it and they saw it no more. Haverly sat upon his horse looking at the place where it had gone down, the picture of surprise.



## CHAPTER III.

## THE SERVANT.

THINKING over the strange occurrence, but little was said by either during their ride into the city, and that little bore upon what they had seen. He rode with her to the house of the linen-draper, and gave up the horse to a man who had come out to take it. Bidding her good-by, the captain hurried down to the water gate, which he reached just as the boy returned with his canoe. It was nearly dark, and Haverly was obliged to move cautiously in order to keep out of the way of numerous punts, canoes, and fishing-boats, coming in from various points. When he reached St. Helen's it was quite dark and he was only guided by the lights in the house. Hurrying up to the door, he was met by Cline, who looked gloomy and savage.

"What is the matter with you?" said Haverly.

"I hear that you have been doing a service for my daughter," said Cline. "Let it stop there. I thank you for what you have done, and will do you a good turn some day in payment. But, that must be the end, for I object to intimacy with men of your stamp, who look upon those who have less money than they as toys with which to pass an idle hour. Mona is too good and beautiful to be looked down upon by any man that breathes upon this globe, even if he were a king."

"Why do you break out upon me in that savage way?" said Haverly. "I think I deserve better at your hands."

"Enough said," replied the servant. "You understand me, do you not? I have thanked you for your service, but do not follow Mona Cline after this. God knows I have done her evil enough without throwing her in the way of danger greater than any which has yet threatened her."

"She has given me permission to visit her, and I shall do so."

"She never gave you her consent without the proviso that I was to be consulted. I know her better than that."



"No; she certainly made that proviso, but—"

"Do not let us speak of it longer. I object most decidedly to any intimacy in that quarter, and my decision is final."

"Have you no faith in me?"

"No," said the other, bluntly. "Have you given me reason to think well of you in that respect? I know that you have many such crimes as this of which you are now thinking upon your soul, and, bad as I have been, I never was guilty of offering an insult to a woman in my life. These hands of mine have done a wrong to many, but never to an unprotected woman."

"Is the offer of my acquaintance an insult, then?" he said, angrily.

"To a woman of her rank from a man in yours, decidedly so, especially when we take into consideration your education. No man knows better than I do to what such an education must lead. If you persist in your intention, I shall be forced to send Mona away from Montreal, and I will do it."

Haverly was raging with the desire to destroy this man, but Cline knew too many of his secrets to allow him to make him angry. He temporized, being forced to do so.

"I will not press it now," he said, "though I hope you are grievously mistaken in your estimate of me. I have an offer to make you. There is a captaincy to let in the partisan rangers, and Prescott empowered me to offer it to you."

Cline started violently. "You offer me a great temptation," he said. "To live an independent life, in the society of Mona, is the chief hope of my life. But, that is impossible, and I must go on as I have begun. I can not take this captaincy—at least not at present."

"It will not be vacant long."

"No matter; I will accept a lieutenantancy in the line, and nothing else."

"Confound it, man, what are you thinking of? A lieutenantancy?"

"It must be in your company too," replied Cline, coolly. "On the whole, I do not think I can get along without it. When you see Prescott in the morning, tell him what I wish and use your influence to get it for me."



"But, you ask too much."

"I don't think so. The lieutenancy is vacant by the resignation of Barrington. Why, do you know what the result would be if I was refused this place after I have set my heart upon it? I would not advise you to refuse your assistance."

"I will do my best. Confound it, what will you take in money for those papers?"

"There is not money enough in the Cana-las to buy those papers. While I hold them, I have power over you which you can not break away from, and you will give me all the money I need for my wants, which are simple. Enough; you will ask for this place in the morning."

"You know I must. But, suppose the other fellows refuse to recieve you as an equal?"

"Then I will give the 'other fellows' a lesson which they will not very soon forget. Are you determined to watch for the Specter Spy to-night?"

"Yes. If we can take him it will be a pretext for asking for the commission for you."

"Umph! You will not catch him, though."

"Are the guards posted?"

"Yes; Willis did not want to go to the post by the river, and it was only by being threatened with all manner of calamities by the sergeant that he consented."

"What does the fool fear?" muttered the captain, angrily.

"The Specter Spy."

"A curse upon the Specter Spy. So much talk about him will unman me if it is kept up. I am ashamed that such men as I have in my company are so cowardly. Very well; spread a blanket in your room and sleep upon it. I will take your bed."

"Excuse me," said the servant. "It is time that you began to regard me as a friend, not as a servant. You may share my bed with me if you like, but if you do not like that you may take the blanket and I will keep the bed."

"You surely do not mean that?"

"Do I talk as if I intended it for a joke?"

"But the fellows will laugh at me if I make a friend of you."

"I repeat, that I will find a way to cure 'the fellows' of



laughing. Talk of blood! Is there a man in your regiment who has purer blood than mine? But, it has been a curse to me and will be while I live. It has made me an outcast and a lion, a villain who deserves death, and it will bring me to ruin at last."

"You brood over it too much. But, curse it, you know my feeling. I can't bear to be laughed at. I am morbidly sensitive to ridicule."

"You shall find me a good backer. Where will you sleep with me, or on the floor?"

"I—I think I will take the floor if you don't object. I must learn to rough it, if our regiment stays long in this country."

"It won't be sent away on account of having too many troops. Our Generals underrate the power of the Americans, as they will find to their cost. Why don't you ask me in to take a glass of wine?"

"What has come over you? Why have you not asserted your power over me before?"

"It was not necessary," replied Cline. "Events have so shaped themselves that I was obliged to take a turn in the screw. It made you wince, I see. Ask me in to take wine."

"If you will do me the honor," filtered Haverly, "I shall be obliged to you. Oh, why did I ever get into your clutches?"

Cline laughed, lightly, and they entered the house together. In the room of Haverly there was a pause, and Haverly felt that he was to be forced to commit himself there and then.

"Why don't you get out the wine, mon beau capitaine?" said Cline. "Some of that '64 will suit me best of any you have."

"It—it is down in the cellar."

"I forgot that," said Cline, laying his hand upon a bell-rope which communicated with the soldiers' quarters, and giving a pull. "Of course the sergeant will come up or send some one."

Haverly heard the heavy tread of the sergeant upon the stairs and was half inclined to defy his tormentor then and there, but the thought of the compromising power which Cline held over him restrained him.

The sergeant appeared and saluted. Haverly, being at a loss what to say, Cline took the matter up.



"Go down to the cellar and bring up a bottle of the claret in the rack numbered '64, my good man," said he, coolly.

The man stared at him in utter surprise, and from him to the captain. Haverly would not look at him, but remained at the table, his head resting on his hand.

"Did you understand me, sergeant?" said Cline. "The bin numbered '64 claret. You are very obtuse."

"Why don't you get it yourself?" said the sergeant, who did not relish being ordered about by a servant. "You know the way, don't you?"

"You heard what was told you, sergeant," said Haverly. "Obey at once."

"Yes, sir," said the sergeant, saluting, but in a wonderful fog, still. "But, I don't understand this."

"It is not necessary for you to know any thing but your orders, sergeant. Make haste now, if you will be so kind."

The sergeant went out and returned with the claret, which he set upon the table.

"Glasses and the corkscrew, sergeant," added Cline, "and then you may go. We shall not need you. Ha! how this wine sparkles even through the dingy bottle. This is the stuff that makes a man forget whether he is rich or poor. The corkscrew. I'll open it, sergeant. Bring another glass."

He filled a glass and pushed it over to the soldier. "Drink my health, sergeant. I don't forget old friends."

The man began to understand that there was something in all this, deeper than he could see, and lifting the glass he drained it to the dregs. Then saluting his superior officer, he slowly withdrew.

"Fill," said Cline, after pouring out a bumper. "Let us drink of the cementing of our friendship in a stronger bond than ever. Pshaw, man; I will make myself more useful to you as your lieutenant than I can be as your servant. I can not talk to you now with that ease which I would wish to use in conversing with you. No heel taps when we drink to each other. To a stronger tie between us."

"To a stronger tie between us," repeated Haverly. "But I really don't see how you are to pull through."

"Leave that to me. The only favor I shall have to ask from you is that you will act as my second in case I have any



affairs of honor with the 'fellows' of whom you speak so feelingly. You will not object?"

"Of course not," replied Haverly, faintly.

"I thought as much. Why, if I were the base-born hound they think me, I should demand it at your hands. But, knowing who I really am, it would be strange if you could not act as my second. What did you propose to Prescott in reference to Allen?"

"I intend to take him if possible."

"Good, I will go with you. What are your plans?"

"To find out first where he is, and then watch for an opportunity to take him prisoner. Woe to him when he comes into the hands of Prescott!"

"When I left the frontier Allen was at Chambly, or rather in the country round about. If he is allowed to go on he will do us great damage, for the Frenchmen do not love us and will be glad of an opportunity of paying us back for wresting Canada from their grasp and for the death of the great marquis at Quebec."

"I know that they are bold in treason," replied the captain, "but *dare* they turn traitor when they are doomed if taken?"

"He has promised to get five hundred men for Montgomery and I believe he will keep his word. Five hundred Canadians, who know the ground about here, would make us trouble, and he is bold enough to assail Montreal with them. Remember how he took Crown Point."

"Yes, and called the commandant out *en dishabille* and made him surrender in the name of the 'Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress.' Did you not hear something then? I thought I heard a sound."

"The sergeant, probably."

"It may be, but I thought it came from the outside."

Cline walked to the window and looked out. It was very dark and he could see nothing. Both listened, but no sound could be heard. Cline took up the light and holding it out of the window looked about him. While doing this he uttered a low cry and the lamp fell from his hand.

"How awkward you are," said Haverly. "Go out and get it."

"You forget yourself," said Cline, "when you order me to



do any thing in that manner. I assure you that I shall do nothing of the kind. Get it yourself if you like."

Haverly leaped out of the window and groped for the lamp. Just as his fingers came in contact with it something struck him such a blow that he staggered. If he had not worn a heavy cap the stroke would have done greater damage, still, as it was, he could not speak for a moment, and a number of stars of the first magnitude glittered before his eyes.

"What did you drop *then*, curse you!" he roared. "You have nearly knocked my brains out."

"What do you mean? I dropped nothing," shouted Cline.

"You did."

"You lie!"

"Sir!"

"Then don't tell me that I dropped any thing on your head. You probably struck it against the wall and thought something struck you. Have you found the lamp?"

"Here it is."

"Give it to me and I will light it."

As Haverly extended the lamp to Cline there came a crash of glass, and the fragments of the lamp flew in every direction. Cline uttered an oath, for a fragment of the glass had struck him in the forehead, inflicting a painful wound.

"Stay where you are until I can find a taper," he said.



## CHAPTER IV.

## THE LOST PAPER.

He brought a taper from the lower part of the building, for he could find no way of lighting it in the room. The noise they made had aroused the sergeant of the guard, and he was looking out of the door to find out the cause of the uproar.

"Come out here," said Cline, "and bring a light with you. I believe my friend, the captain, has been drinking too deeply of that prime claret. At any rate, he has broken his head against the wall, and nearly broke my wrist by his awkwardness."

"That is a strange way of speaking of your master," said Woodhouse.

"Cut that, sergeant," said Cline. "From this time, where Wharton Haverly and Walter Cline meet, they can only meet as equals."

"Equals?"

"Precisely. Understand this at once, sergeant. Bring the light."

Sorely puzzled to understand what all this meant, the sergeant hurried into the room, and brought out a lighted taper, with which he led the way up the stairs to the room of Haverly. They found him crouching beside the window, white with fear.

"What is the matter now?" demanded Cline. "Let me help you up."

Haverly said nothing, but giving his hand to Cline, climbed into the room, where he leaned upon the table for support, literally gasping for breath.

"You act as if you had seen a spirit," said Cline, angrily. "What do you mean by it?"

"I have seen one," gasped the captain. "As I have a soul to be saved, a spectral form appeared beside me, while I waited for you, and laid its cold and clammy hand upon my forehead."



"Why did you not shoot?"

"I had no weapon but my sword, and do you think that with that icy touch upon me I could have moved hand or foot? I believe what you said about the Specter Spy, for—"

"Ha! ha! ha!" shrieked the same voice which had sounded in their ears beside the river that morning. "He, too, fears the Specter Spy. Ha! ha! ha!"

Woodhouse, hearing that appalling cry, stared about him in utter dismay, for the sound seemed to fill the very room in which they stood. Then springing to the window, he closed it quickly, and ran to the door.

"Whatever it is, man or demon, he is in this room," roared the sergeant. "Assist me, both of you, and we will search the chamber."

They looked in every place in the room which could hold the Specter Spy, beneath the sofa, under the bed, in every cupboard in the room, but in vain. There was no trace of any man or indication that one had been there. Woodhouse threw open the window, and as he did so, that wild laugh sounded again in his ears, this time seeming to come from below.

"The devil is in it all," he growled. "I never believed in things supernatural, but this passes all belief. It almost unmans me, and I am no chicken. What do you think of it, Cline?"

"I think as I always did, that this is no human being, and that you might as well chase the wind as to follow him. Enough has been said. Let us go to rest, if we can rest, and do what we can to search out this mystery to-morrow. You may go, sergeant. I pass the night with my friend, Captain Haverly."

Woodhouse left them, and the two looked at each other with the baffled air of men who have an insoluble riddle to guess at. They sat for half an hour facing each other, and mechanically drinking deep from the claret bottle, without speaking. At last Cline rose to his feet.

"You—you are not going to leave me?" gasped Haverly. "I would not like to pass the night alone after what I have seen and heard to-night. I seem to feel that chill upon my forehead and see that dim figure rising above me in the darkness,



white, mate, and unbending. It took all the life out of my heart."

"Let us retire," said Cline. "It is useless to say more upon this subject. The time for that is passed. Will you take the floor, as you proposed?"

"I think we had better sleep in the same bed if you do not object," said Haverly.

"Just as you like," replied Cline, smiling grimly. "I left you the choice, if I remember rightly. I will take the side of the bed next the wall."

They lay down together, and for some time Haverly tossed and turned, unable to sleep. At last he became more quiet, and his companion fell asleep.

An hour passed, and the captain rose upon his elbow, and looked down upon the sleeping man. He was lying with his broad chest exposed, the knotted ridges of his powerful muscles shining through the browned skin.

Wharton Haverly had been chafing more than he dared to show at the thralldom in which he was held by his former servant, and having forgotten his immediate fear of the Specter Spy, he began to think that this might be a good opportunity for ridding himself of a dangerous enemy. Haverly was no coward, but a thrill passed over him as he thought that he must shed the blood of a sleeping man. He could not do that. Slipping cautiously out of bed he made preparations for what he had to do.

Knowing the room perfectly, he found what he required by the dim light of a small spirit-lamp, which Woodhouse had lighted before he left the room, and turned partly down. Stepping cautiously over the floor in his bare feet, he found a cord and cut it into two pieces. In the longer piece he made a running noose, which he held in his left hand, and then took a long-bladed dagger in his right, with which he touched the sleeping man upon his bared breast. He started up, half asleep, when Haverly slipped the noose over his shoulders and drew it tight at the elbows, while he threatened the struggling man with the dagger. Cline saw that the man whom he had controlled so long was desperate, and that he was in his power.

"Do not cry out," hissed the captain, flashing the dagger



before his eyes. "If you dare do that you are a dead man. Keep quiet while I bind you. If I prick you with this blade you may as well say any prayers you know, for the bite of a rattlesnake is not more venomous."

Cline remained quiet while the captain knotted the rope upon his breast, and then tied his legs securely with the other piece. He now lay at the mercy of his captor, and had to submit to the gag which was forced into his mouth and tied behind his ears.

"Now I have you!" hissed the captain. "Devil that you are, where is your power over me now? Now will you force me to propose your name to Prescott as my lieutenant? Now will you threaten me with showing the paper which you obtained so that you might assert your power over me in this manner? Why should I not touch you with the dagger, and end all at once? I have gagged you in order to tell you what I want. Give up that paper."

Cline nodded his head.

"You will do it, then. Now I will remove the gag, but if you dare to cry out I will kill you at once."

He cut the string which bound the gag, and removed it.

"Now I can speak," said Cline. "What is the meaning of this assault?"

"It means that I will not submit to be the slave of one who has done me menial service, even if I must spill his blood. I would not do it if I could help it, but it is forced upon me. Where is that paper?"

"What would you give to know?" said the man, quietly. "Ha! ha! ha! my dear captain, do you think that I am fool enough to carry such a document as that upon my person? It is not here."

"Where is it?" he demanded.

"I shall not tell you."

"Then you are a dead man," said Haverly, raising the dagger.

"Stop; you do not know what you are doing when you threaten to kill me. The paper is in other hands than mine, and if you dare to kill me, the moment my death is made public, your shame will ring from one end of the Canadas to the other."



"You do not mean that?"

"You will find it, to your cost, if you dare to lay a finger upon me in anger. That is the understanding between myself and the person you do not know. When I am gone, the person will place in the hands of the proper authorities the papers which will prove you a felon. You wince at that, do you? You have me in your power! Ha! ha! ha! I would not have lain down by your side so peacefully if I had not known my safeguard."

"Curse you, I believe you are lying to me, to save your life."

"Then take it, and see what the result will be. But I give you the warning for your good, and I hope you will profit by it. Beware!"

"I will not take your word for it," said the captain. "Let us see what your clothing contains."

He took up the clothes, which Cline had left upon a chair, and searched them thoroughly, while Cline regarded his movements with a smile. As he laid the waistcoat down, Haverly saw that one side appeared to be more thickly padded than the other. Picking it up again, he pressed it in his hand, and felt something beneath the lining. Cline uttered a low cry, as he saw him rip open the lining and draw out a paper.

"Do not read it," he cried. "As you value life and death, do not dare to read it. The red curse fall on you and blight you, body and soul, if you do it. I curse you, with the curse of a man whose vengeance will not slumber nor fade away."

"Is this the paper which you held against me?" asked Haverly.

"No; I tell you, *no*! That paper is disposed of as I said. Any injury to me will recoil upon your own head. This paper has nothing to do with it."

"I do not believe it," said Haverly. "At any rate, I will soon see."

He opened the package on his knee, and was about to read. His back was turned to the window, which was still open, and he never knew the danger which hung over him until the startled look in the eyes of Cline caused him to turn his head. He saw, bending near him, a tall, spectral figure, white and silent, the same which had laid its clammy hand upon him a few hours before. Without thinking what he did, he struck



at the figure with the dagger, and the next moment he was prostrated under a heavy blow, which laid him bleeding upon the floor of the room. The blow was hardly dealt when the room was in darkness, and Cline felt his bonds severed, while that cold hand, pressed upon his forehead, held him down.

"Man of blood," whispered that chilling voice, "move not if you would not feel the vengeance of one who can never forget nor forgive. Lie as you are, after I leave you, until you can count a hundred. Then rise and assist your infamous associate. I might have left you to his vengeance, but the time is not yet."

The hand was removed, and the rustle of clothing was heard. Count one hundred! Of all the terrible tasks he had undertaken, this was the worst. He achieved it, at length, and leaping up, he ran to the table and lighted the lamp. Its light revealed Haverly lying upon the floor, with a cut upon his forehead from which the clotted blood was slowly oozing, and wetting his dark hair. Without attending to him, Cline ran to the window and peered out into the gloom. Nothing could be seen, and as he looked, the "Ha! ha! ha!" of the Specter Spy came back upon the night-air.

"I knew it must be he," muttered Cline. "No other being could have come into the room as he did, and disappear so like a vision. Will he never cease to haunt me? I care not if he has ended this young scoundrel who would have taken my life."

Haverly stirred, and uttered a deep groan. Cline brought a basin of water, and washed the clotted blood from his forehead, revealing the wound, which had been made by some blunt instrument, of what kind he could not say. The touch of the cold water brought the young man to his senses, and he looked up with a mazed and frightened expression.

"You, Cline? Has he gone?"

"Yes, he is gone. Fool that you were, your miserable and clumsy plot has recoiled upon your head, after all. I would serve you right to finish you, and then lay it to the specter."

"You would not do that?"

"I have your dagger, you see. It shall never leave me from this hour, but shall be my constant companion. What is to



hinder me—using your own words to me—from pricking you with its point? The venom of the rattlesnake is not more deadly, you said.”

“No, no, Cline. For heaven’s sake, do not put it so near me. You do not know the danger.”

“You did not think of that when you threatened me with it.”

“I never meant to kill you.”

“You know you lie. If I had not told you that my hold over you will not cease with my death, you would have killed me, and laid it to the Specter Spy, as I ought to do.”

“But you will not. I was desperate, and did not think of what I did. Your life is safe from this hour, for I dare not assail it, knowing what I now do. The desire to get possession of that vile paper overpowered me entirely.”

“That paper!” shrieked Cline. “I forgot it; oh, my God, I forgot it wholly. Where is it?”

“What?”

“The paper you took from my waistcoat. God curse you, if I do not find it! What did you do with it? Speak quickly, or I will bury the dagger in your heart, and leave it to fester there. Powers above, help me to find it!”

“I dropped it when I fell,” said Haverly. “Let me rise; it may be under me.”

He staggered to his feet and reeled to a chair, for the blow he had received might have telled an ox. Cline searched, in frantic haste, every place where it could, by any possibility, have gone, but the search was vain. Yet, with a desperate look in his set face, he continued the search up and down the room, looking at Haverly now and then, as if he was tempted to take vengeance on him for the loss he had sustained. Haverly knew nothing of it, beyond the fact that he had opened it upon his knee, and had not read a word, when the specter appeared and struck him down. In spite of himself, Cline was forced to believe that the being whom he so feared had taken with him the paper upon which he had set so much value. He fell upon the bed, uttering a despairing cry.



## CHAPTER V

## THE WIZARD CANOE.

HAVERLY staggered up and came to him as he lay upon the bed, and touched him on the shoulder.

"Off!" screamed Cline. "You have destroyed me and the plan of years, by the loss of that paper. I curse you as I will curse you with my dying breath, if I do not get it back. The Specter Spy has taken it, and you—you are to blame."

"What was this paper?"

"Do you think I would tell you? Enough that it was the thought of my life for many years, and if I do not find it, woe to you for being the cause of its loss. I will make you repent it in dust and ashes. A day of reckoning will come, and it will be a heavy time to you. Are you strong enough to come with me?"

"No," said Haverly, feebly. "I wish that I had never touched that accursed paper. I thought that it was the proof of my guilt, or I should not have touched it."

"Then stay where you are," cried the ex-servant, "and see that you do not move."

He ran down the stairs, and found the sergeant turning out the guard-relief. "You keep good watch here, Sergeant Woodhouse," said he. "While you have been snoozing comfortably, a spy has been in the house and has nearly killed the captain. Turn out with torches and let us see what we can find."

Woodhouse dashed into the room, and came out with a lighted flambeau in each hand. Cline snatched up a saber which stood in the hall, and ran out with them. They searched first beneath the window and found tracks which might have been made by them when they leaped out of the window in search of the spy the first time. Cline took a torch and made a circuit, and found the tracks of moccasined feet leading toward the mainland side of the island. Calling



to the other three to follow, he led the way as quickly as he could, following the tracks. They led him directly to the spot where Willis was stationed. When they arrived, no Willis could they see. They looked about them in the darkness and Woodhouse called out in a loud voice, and was answered by a muffled sound, a few feet away. They hurried to the spot and found Willis tied to a tree in an inconvenient attitude, with a gag in his mouth which prevented him from uttering any thing except inarticulate sounds. They untied him and removed the gag, and no sooner did he get the free use of his tongue than he fell to cursing, with a solid pleasure in the act, known only to the man who has no other means of redress.

"Who did this, Willis?" said Woodhouse.

"You care a great sight about it, don't you, sergeant? I told you I was unwell and that I did not want to come here, and now, blast my bloody eyes if I hain't been tied to that tree ever since dark."

A general laugh followed this speech, at which the ire of Willis was newly aroused, and he delivered himself of his wrath in no set terms. While they were laughing at him they were strangely interrupted. Something which seemed to be a boat of some kind, was seen passing down the stream in the circle of light formed by their torches, and yet it could not be a canoe, for it had no occupant. In short, it was the strange craft which had attracted the attention of Mona Cline and the captain, upon the occasion of their ride along the island.

"Where is the canoe?" cried Cline. "I must see what that is, for it looks like something Haverly saw this afternoon. Here is the canoe, thank fortune. Get in, Woodhouse, take your rifle with you, and we will see if we can not overhau this strange craft. Let me take the paddle, for I understand the management of a canoe better than you do."

The others remained standing on the shore, and the canoe pushed off, with the flambeau gleaming in the bracket, set into the bow for that purpose. The strange thing they followed floated on down the stream, not quite so fast as the canoe, and Woodhouse kneeling in the bow, got his rifle ready to fire.

"Don't shoot if you can help it, sergeant," said Cline. "I



would not alarm the garrison needlessly if I can avoid it. We are hearing it. Haverly's talk of its disappearance is in all probability nonsense. It looks like a log, now that I look at it closely."

"I don't believe it is any thing else except a log," said Woodhouse. "We are badly cheated. Push nearer to it, at any rate, and let us make certain of it if we can. Ha! what is that?"

A panel in the supposed log was seen to fly open, and a boisterous laugh, which Cline and the sergeant recognized too well, rung out in the clear night-air. They saw the water bubble beside the object they had chased, and it sunk from sight, while Woodhouse did not retain sufficient presence of mind to fire at it, before it had passed out of sight.

"The Specter-Spy!" cried Cline. "Who dare say now that I am wrong in fearing this intangible being, who is at home in the water as well as on the land?"

"I am in a cold sweat," said Woodhouse. "'Pon honor, this beats any thing in my philosophy."

"And in mine. Where has the accursed thing gone, I should be pleased to know?"

He rested on his paddle and let the canoe float, casting searching glances all about him. While both were looking down-stream, the wizard craft arose from the water a dozen feet astern and rushed at the canoe. Neither of the men knew their danger until the crash came, and the stern of the canoe was beaten in, and she began to fill, while the non-descript sunk as before, leaving Woodhouse and Cline floundering in the water. The men upon the shore saw the light go out suddenly amid the cries of the shipwrecked men, and ran down to the bank, one of the soldiers waving the remaining flambeau above his head to guide them to the shore. There was a fearful spluttering in the midst of the stream, and the two came to the bank drenched and blasphemous in the highest degree. A broad smile irradiated the face of the late captive, Willis, for he felt that retribution followed those who had laughed at his misfortunes.

"I am afraid you got very wet," he said, as the two men shook themselves like spaniels after a bath.

"Private Willis," said Woodhouse, "if you make sport of



your superior officer, I will have you put in the guard house for bad conduct."

"It was all very well while you was laughing at me," growled Willis. "Now the boot is on the other foot and you don't like it so well, do you? I won't say any more, for it won't pay."

"A wise resolution, private Willis. Another word would have sent you to the guard-house. Now let us get to the house as soon as we can, for my teeth are clattering like castnets. Private Discoll may relieve Willis, and you go to the other post. I'll come out and see that all is right when I get dry."

They went to the house, and Willis built a fire to dry the clothing of the unfortunates who had been spilled out of the canoe. Cline sent Willis to the cellar for a pint of brandy, and the strong liquor warmed them more than the fire. Willis, under the influence of a dram, reported the manner in which he had been captured. He was not in good humor at being put upon that spot to keep guard, and sat down at the root of a tree, resting his rifle against the trunk. While in that position, never dreaming of danger, he was surprised at being seized by a pair of long and muscular arms from behind, and drawn back against the tree, in the very position in which he had been found. It was very dark, and he could not see his assailant, who only spoke once, and then to warn him not to breathe a word if he valued his life. As Willis did set some little value upon the last-named article, he did not speak, nor even object when the gag was forced into his mouth. Willis said that the thing which seized him had a cold, clammy touch, which chilled him to the very marrow, though his auditors were inclined to the opinion that this was the effect of fear. When he had secured the unfortunate sentry, the stranger threw his rifle into the river, and went away toward Haverly's quarters.

"I make no doubt that the captor of Willis and our visitor are one and the same person or thing," said Woodhouse.

"You do not think him mortal?" said Cline.

"I don't know what to think," replied the sergeant. "I only know that if he is mortal I would give twenty pounds



out of my own pocket, poor as I am, to see him hung, and if he is a ghost I would double it to be sure I should never see or hear him again."

"I do not know how to account for his mysterious movements," said Cline. "You know me, Sergeant Woodhouse, and that I am not a man easily frightened, but I swear to you that my blood seems to turn to water when I think of that being. I must meet my doom, however, and I believe that this is my evil genius, and will follow me until I am laid in my grave. I must now go and see how the captain gets on, for the blow he received might have killed him."

Haverly was asleep when Cline came up, with a bloody rag wound around his forehead. Cline took a blanket from a closet, and wrapping himself in its folds, laid down upon the floor. Both of them slept quite late, but Cline was the first to stir. He looked at his superior lying upon the bed, and called to him.

"Wake up, my dear Wharton," he said. "There is work before you."

Haverly started up, and at first forgot what he had to do, but Cline put him in mind of it directly.

"What can I do?"

"Well, say to Prescott that I was very forward in the attempt to capture the man or devil known as the Specter Spy, and that will satisfy me. I don't think he dare refuse to give me what I ask."

"I know that well enough," growled Haverly, "but the fellows will make it too hot for you. They will send you to Coventry, by Jove!"

"Will they? That's hard upon me, but I will try to bear it. Send me to Coventry, eh? I may be forced to send on or two of them to a place several degrees warmer than even Coventry," said Cline, quietly. "I think we had better get some breakfast, for I'm devilish hungry after last night's adventure. Did I tell you that Woodhouse and I got spilled out of the canoe last night?"

"No."

"I'll tell you at breakfast," said Cline. "By the way, you'll have to get a new skip to-day. I won't be able to do anything of that kind for you after this. Ring for the sergeant."



Woodhouse came up.

"Breakfast," said Cline; "and be quick about it."

During the meal, Cline told Haverly of his adventure with the Wizard Canoe. Haverly, though astonished, wished in his secret heart that Cline had gone down to rise no more. Cline himself understood his look, and grinned satirically while he told the story. After breakfast they crossed to Montreal and entered the city. Here they separated, and Haverly took his course to the residence of Prescott, while the ex-servant walked in the direction of the linen-draper's, after appointing a meeting with Haverly in an hour from that time, at the "George" hotel. When they had separated, an expression of indecision appeared upon the face of Walter Cline. He walked slowly, and while his course tended toward the linen-draper's, he seemed to be in doubt. After a slow walk of half an hour, in deep thought, he made up his mind.

"I will do it," he said. "I can have as much power over this young spendthrift and would-be *roué* as his friend as I could have as his servant. And yet the young devil would have killed me last night if he had not been interrupted. I must take care what I do."

He reached the shop and asked for Mona. The boy who had given up his horse to Haverly the day before was attending the shop and seemed to know his business, for, without a word, he ushered him into a small parlor behind the shop, in which Mona was seated, sewing. She looked up quickly, and seeing who it was, pointed to a chair in silence. The boy went out, and left them alone together.

"Have you no warmer greeting for me than that, Mona?" he said, in a tone of sadness.

"I am glad to see you," she said, softly. "I owe you every thing I have, but I can not think you do right in remaining a servant when you have the power to rise to the rank of a gentleman."

"That is because I can not explain my motives," said Cline, eagerly. "You do not understand why I consented to be the flunky of a man far below me in intelligence, and not my superior in social rank. If I had it in my power to explain, you would no longer blame me, but would thank me. Whatever my bad deeds, and they are many, I have always loved



you, and have studied your comfort. I have seen that you have taken it to heart because I am in a false position here, and I will change it for your sake. I shall this day be offered and accept the rank of first lieutenant in the rifles."

"Father!" cried Mona, joyfully. "You do not know how glad I am to hear you say that."

"I have taken this step for your sake, and I can do it safely. That being told, I have something to say to you. Yesterday Wharton Haverly saved you from two drunken Canadian officers, did he not?"

"Yes, father."

"And you rode with him after it?"

"I could do no less," she answered.

"It was a false move. If I had been here it would not have been made. I object to your acquaintance with Wharton Haverly."

"Yet he came to my rescue nobly."

"Look at the matter in its true light. Both the men were drunk, Prescott was looking on from the window, and half a dozen soldiers within call. I do not see any thing so very spirited in that. Never allow yourself to think of Wharton Haverly as a good man or a proper companion for you, for he is not."

Mona had always bowed to the judgment of her father in these matters, and she simply inclined her head.

"I must allow him to see me once," she said, "for women of my blood always keep their promises. You have faith enough in me to believe that I will make this the last meeting."

"I can trust you in any thing, dear girl," said the man, a bright smile irradiating his dark face. "Hard I may be cruel perhaps at times, but when I cease to trust in you and believe in you I must also cease to breathe. I must go now, for I promised to meet him, and to accept the lieutenantcy he has by this time obtained from Prescott."

"I wish I knew your power over this young scion of nobility, father."

"What could it avail you to know, my child? I am sure if I thought it would make you happier than you are I would tell it to you quickly and gladly."



"I do not ask you to tell me, if you think I ought not to know," she replied.

"It is enough that he is a libertine, without the brains to carry out any deep-laid plot, so he always chooses some secret instrument. He would think himself disgraced forever if forced to marry a woman of your supposed rank, and if he pursues you, it will be for no good purpose, you may be sure Good-by; I suppose you will ride to-day, and if you do, take young Richard with you, and do not allow Haverly to join you."

With these words he strolled out of the house and walked at a leisurely pace toward the hostelry, known as the "George," in what is now Great St. James street, where he had agreed to meet Haverly.



## CHAPTER VI.

## THE COMMISSION.

WALKING into the great *salon* of the tavern, he sat down at one of the tables commanding a view of the street and called for wine. The waiter who brought it knew him and whispered to him to take another table, as that was preferred by the officers who came in quite often.

"Never mind me, Carter," said the ex-servant. "I will not leave this table for all the officers in this province. Put the wine down, and leave me alone."

He had not been seated more than five minutes, and had not finished his first glass, when there entered the two men who had assailed Mona in the street the day before. Cline knew them well, and a fierce light came into his dark eyes as he surveyed them. At first they were about to take another table, but, seeing that no one but Cline occupied the other, they came forward and ordered him to leave it.

"And why should I leave it, gentlemen?" he said, quietly "I occupied this table first."

"It makes no difference," replied Jean Jacques Morillon, who seemed to be spokesman in these brawls. "You had better leave the table or I will lug you out by the ears. *Diable!* do you know who I am?"

"Yes."

"What am I then?"

"An infernal scoundrel."

Morillon uttered a roar like a wild beast, and made a dash at the ears of the speaker. Cline rose, and drawing back his long arm, deliberately knocked the Frenchman down. There was a cry from the waiters, who, belonging as they did to the poorer class, sympathized with their companion, and expected him to be immolated for his daring act. The other officer made a dash at the immovable figure of Cline, when he was served in the same manner. Then, thrusting his hands into his bosom, he brought out a pair of heavy pistols, and as the



two Frenchmen rose, leveled them with the air of a man who knew how to use them. They recoiled and looked at the man in confusion and dismay. At the same moment Haverly came in at the front door and advanced to the table.

"What means this, Cline? Why are you put upon your defense in this manner?"

"Because these gentlemen wish to drive me from the table which I have chosen to seat myself, and I refuse to be driven," was the reply.

"Correct your servant, monsieur le capitaine," yelled Morillon. "He has knocked me down."

"I have no servant here," said Haverly.

"That *coquillaine*, I mean. He, there, with those pistols, who has dared to strike me in the face, his superior officer."

"You are wrong," said Haverly. "Not only do I deny that he is my servant, but that he is at all subordinate to you. He now ranks as high as you do, for any lieutenant of foot is higher than a captain in the colonial troops."

"What do you mean?"

"I have here his commission as lieutenant in my company, for gallant service," replied Haverly.

"Good," said Morillon. "Then let monsieur understand that he shall hear from me again."

"What is the row?" said a bluff voice, at this moment. "I'd like to have a hand in, if it is entirely agreeable to everybody."

They looked at the speaker, who was a handsome young fellow in the dress of a gentleman of the colony, having no arms except a light dress-sword. He was unknown to either Cline or Haverly, and the latter frowned.

"Excuse me, sir, if I say that this is my affair."

"All right," said the stranger. "You will excuse me, but I am an Englishman, and that frog-eater was so impudent I could not bear it. Go on with your quarrel; I'll not interfere unless you want a second."

"I do not know you," said Haverly, drawing himself up stiffly.

"Oh, as to that, my name is Bernard Pearson, and I came here from Quebec on business. I beg your pardon, Frenchman, I ought not to have interrupted you."



Morillon turned on his heel and left the room. The stranger laughed heartily, and seating himself at a table upon the other side of the room, called for wine and filled a glass which he began to sip. The others sat down at their table and began to talk.

"You have the commission," said Cline, in a low tone. "Was there any opposition?"

"Of course there was. Do you suppose that commissions in his majesty's rifles are given away nowadays for a song? Of course Prescott objected, but I used my entire influence with him for your good, and here is your commission."

He spread a parchment upon the table, and Cline, with a strange smile upon his hard face, read a commission for himself in the —— regiment of foot, in the company of Captain Haverly, for meritorious service; subject to Carleton's approval.

"So far good," said Cline. "And now to christen it. We must take this devil of an Allen, who is taking our men from us in the lower colonies for the service of America. That must be stopped."

The gentleman sipping his wine at the other table did not change a muscle of his face, but was listening to every word spoken. We have said he was a handsome young man, but have not described him. His form was powerful and of great size; for he could not have stood less than six feet two. His arms were long and muscular and his shoulders broad. His hands were delicate and white as a woman's. He wore no beard, and could not have been improved by wearing one.

"When do we start upon our expedition, then?" said Haverly.

"Whenever you like. I think we had better take twenty men until we get near the village where he is likely to be found, and then leave them and do a little scouting. At least this seems the proper course to me."

"I like your plan. If we can capture Ethan Allen we shall do the state a service which will warrant me in asking for my majority and raise you to the rank of captain. But, I tell you that he is a fish not easily netted. By the way, what do you think of the gentleman at the table across the room?"



"Never saw him in my life."

"Would it not be a good plan to pump him, and see what he is?"

"Yes."

Haverly rose and walked across the room.

"My companion and myself have to thank you for being willing to take up our quarrel a moment since," he said. "I was a little vexed at first, for it looked as though you thought me unequal to my own quarrel."

"Oh, it was not that," said Bernard Pearson. "My dear sir, I delight in a row, and can never keep myself out of one, do the best I can. Of course I had no business to mix in with you, but I followed my unfortunate instinct."

"Will you come to our table and take a glass with us?"

"With pleasure. Perhaps I had better take my wine with me; we may need it."

"Just as you like."

The three were soon seated face to face. Haverly introduced himself and his companion, and they began to talk.

"We had never seen you in Montreal," said the captain, "and I was surprised when you spoke. My friend, here, has just got his commission, and, although he rose from the ranks, his blood is as pure as yours or mine."

"My good sir, how do you know but my blood is as black as blood can be?"

"You don't look like it, sir," replied the captain. "I will wager twenty guineas you come of gentle blood, wherever you claim your birthplace."

"You would win," said Pearson. "And, at the same time, I assure you that I am not so great a stickler for blood as many people. I believe in the gentility which arises from nobility of soul, no matter what the degree."

"You don't mean that?"

"Certainly, I do. I have seen men among the Indians who were as true gentlemen as any who have been pampered by doting, aristocratic parents in England, during this century, and as far beyond many of them as heaven is above earth. Don't let us talk of that, for I don't like the topic. Did you not speak of Ethan Allen, a moment since?"

"Yes."



"Do you know where he is?"

"We think so."

"I suppose he has troubled you very much?"

"He certainly has."

"I have seen Allen myself, and I must say he is a noble specimen of manhood. A son of the soil, loyal to the heart's core to his own people, and brave as a lion."

"You speak well of him."

"I grant you he has done evil to us, as a nation, but we ought to respect bravery, wherever we see it."

"Of course; but, if we can catch the fellow, you would not see any thing wrong in it, I suppose?"

"If you can catch him, do so; but he is a slippery party. Where did you hear from him last?"

"Somewhere near Chambly, stirring up the people to insurrection. I believe he is daring enough, and rash enough, to undertake the capture of Montreal itself, if he could get the men."

"Hurray!" cried a major. "Here is Haverly. How are you, old boy? What the devil is your servant sitting at the table with you for? Come, Cline, get out of the way, will you? I want to sit there."

"You will find plenty of room at the table without my place, major," said Cline, quietly. "Sit down, if you wish."

"Look here, my man, do you want me to shave your ears off close to your head?"

"Not exactly."

"If you don't leave that stool directly, I'll cut 'em off; burn me if I don't!"

"I told you the fellows wouldn't stand it," whispered Haverly, in a low voice. "Don't you think you had better go away, and let me try and persuade them to treat you well?"

"I think I told you, at the same time, that I would teach 'the fellows' better manners, and I intend to keep my word to the letter. Did I understand you, Major Jones, as saying that you intended to do me the honor to cut off my ears?"

"Close to your head, by Jove!"

"Oh; then don't you think you would do as well to set about it now? No time like the present, it seems to me."



"Eb? Do you mean to brave me?"

"Not exactly that. I only claim the treatment of a gentleman at your hands, and I mean to have it."

The decision of his manner sobered Major Jones, who had been drinking wine before he came there, and who now looked at the speaker in surprise.

"Are you drunk, Cline?" he asked.

"Not at all. I have only taken two glasses of wine to-day."

"Then you intend seriously to brave me in this matter—you, a private in my regiment?"

"I am not a private in your regiment."

"You give me the lie, then?" said the major. "Umph, we will see about this. You impudent dog, we will give you a lesson which you will remember. I will have you tied up and beaten like a dog."

"You will do nothing of the kind," was the cool reply. "Speak out, Captain Haverly, and let these gentlemen know that in future we meet as equals."

"The devil!" cried Jones, "the poor fellow is mad. Why don't you send him away, Haverly?"

"I have no right to command him," said Haverly, desperately. "He has a commission as first lieutenant in my regiment, and you must give him due honor."

"I'll see the fellow totally and eternally burned first," was the reply of Major Jones. "You ought to know better than to ask it of me, Haverly. What right had he to a commission over the heads of better men? I don't believe Prescott would give him one."

"In other words, you doubt whether I have told you the truth?"

"Now, don't make the quarrel yours, Haverly. I tell you that I won't stand this thing, nor I won't associate with a man who has been your skip. Understand that. I vote we send him to Coventry."

"Read the commission. It is for meritorious conduct that he is raised to this rank."

"I don't care. He shall be sent to Coventry, and any one who is seen in his company shall join him in the excursion."



Clive rose slowly from his seat and struck the speaker a sounding slap in the face. A dead hush fell upon every one in the room, and then Jones, who was a brave fellow, returned the blow. From that moment, the affair could not be stopped.



## CHAPTER VII.

## GIVING SATISFACTION.

MAJOR JONES was known far and near as a skillful swordsman, one of the best in Montreal, and it was thought no one could equal him at the exercise. Hence, if it came to a duel with swords, the newly commissioned officer must go down. Yet he did not seem in the least disconcerted.

"Name your place, time, and weapons," said Jones, hoarsely. "Captain Ponsonby will act for me."

"This must not go on," said Ponsonby. "Jones, what are you thinking of? You can not fight this fellow, and you have a right to refuse."

"I shall have something to say to *you* after this affair is off my hands, Captain Ponsonby," said Cline, coolly. "Captain Haverly acts for me and he will assure you that I come of better blood by two sides than any man in this room. I make no stipulations beyond the one that we must fight here, and as soon as you can make the necessary arrangements. I waive the choice of weapons, leaving that with Major Jones."

"Dont fight, Jones," persisted his second. "I never will."

"Then you shall be posted for a coward through Montreal and I will pull your nose in the middle of Nôtre Dame. Do as you like about it," said Cline.

"I will fight," said Jones. "No man, gentleman or the reverse, can say that Herbert Jones refused to give him satisfaction for a real or fancied insult."

"This way, Haverly," said Ponsonby. "I suppose little need be said. No apology will be received upon either side, since they have exchanged blows. But Jones will run the fellow through the body in three passes."

Haverly thought so too, and would have given a thousand pounds to be certain that this *would* be the result. The preliminaries were soon arranged and the men took their places. They were to fight with the short cut-and-thrust swords which gentlemen of that period wore, and as Cline had no weapon,



the young man who had been drinking with Cline and Haverly when the affray commenced offered his. "You will find it a true blade," he said. "Toledo nor Damascus ever turned out a better. I hope you may succeed with it."

Cline took his position with a better air than Haverly had supposed him to possess, and a moment after a sharp metallic ring proclaimed that the combat had commenced. Then, for the first time, Jones knew that his adversary was no tyro in the use of the sword. The heavy, stolid firmness with which he made his passes and guards told that, though he had not been educated in the new school of swordsmanship, he had learned the old school well. Carte and counter-carte was his rule, and his pliant wrist went like a windmill. Jones practiced every known artifice, but without avail. Those who looked on saw that Cline was fighting just within himself and was keeping his powers for a final *coup*. His face, through the deadly combat, kept the same unmoved smile.

"What does this mean?" said Ponsonby. "There is not a better swordsman in Montreal if he can hold his own so easily against such a blade as that of Herbert Jones. What is his true name, Haverly?"

"I am not at liberty to say," replied Haverly. "I wish Jones would run him through the body, curse him! But, you will see; the fellow will beat Jones."

Perhaps Cline heard their whispering; but he only smiled and still fought on quietly, parrying the rapid rushes of Jones, who was trying to force the fighting.

"You had better yield, major," said he, quietly. "I am more than your match. Twice in the last five minutes I have had a chance to bury my blade in you to the hilt."

"Why don't you do it?" said Jones, as he succeeded in wounding his adversary slightly in the fore-arm. "How do you like that?"

Cline suddenly changed his tactics and began an assault so vigorous and bewildering that Jones could not stand up against it. In spite of all his efforts he went down with a sword-thrust through the right lung. Cline wiped his sword with a piece of paper he picked up, and was about to give it up to its owner, when a thought seemed to strike him.

"Would any other gentleman try a bout with me?" he said.



"I am open for engagements, and if any gentleman talks of sending me to Coventry I shall be forced to call him out."

Not a word was said, and he returned the blade to its owner and sat down again to his wine, while the officers went out with their wounded comrade. "My dear captain," said the victor, "I could see by your eyes that you doubted my ability to cope with Major Jones, and that you did not understand me when I promised to give 'the fellows' a lesson. They partly understand me now, and they will know me better than to insult me in a place where I can have an opportunity to use my sword."

"You play well, Lieutenant Cline," said Pearson. "I own I was surprised. Do you think you have given our friend the major the *coup de grace*?"

"Hardly. I could have done it if I chose, for though a good swordsman as far as mere play is concerned, he lacks head-work and coolness, leaving many chances open for a man who keeps his head. Let us go out into the street, as I intend to devote the day to teaching these young snobs the true art of politeness."

"You will excuse me, I hope," said Haverly. "I have an engagement."

"Certainly ; I need no help."

"And I also must bid you good-day," said Pearson. "By the way, what time do you intend to go out in chase of Allen?"

"I shall put that off until to-morrow," replied Cline.

"Then I will ride with you as far as Chambly," said Pearson. "My road is the same as yours."

"We shall be glad of your company," said Cline. "I give you good-day."

The three separated, Pearson turning off into Nôtre Dame and going north, Haverly walking toward the linen-draper's edifice, and Cline strolling down toward Prescott's quarters. He had not gone more than two squares when he met Captain Pearsonly, who passed him with his nose elevated at an angle of forty-five degrees, be the same more or less, apparently unaware that such a person was in existence as Cline. But the latter made two quick strides and laid his hand not too lightly upon the captain's shoulder. Two or three men upon the other side of the street stopped, and looked at them.



"You heard what I said in reference to your manner of meeting me, Captain Ponsonby," said Cline. "I wish you would think it over."

"What do you want?"

"I want you to recognize me civilly when I pass you," was the reply. "And you shall do it, too."

"Suppose I say I will not?"

"Do you say it?"

"Yes."

Without further parley upon the subject Cline lugged him by the nose and then laid his hand upon a pistol.

"Will you fight?" said he.

"No," replied Ponsonby. "Not with a servant."

"I say you are a coward, a poltroon, without a redeeming trait, and I will post you as such on every brick and stone in Montreal if you refuse me a meeting. I am in earnest, sir, as you will find if you dare to brave me, or refuse to do me justice."

"Stop," said Ponsonby, pale with rage, "I will meet you, but not with swords."

"I have challenged you," said Cline, "and of course you name the weapon you prefer. I again leave the matter in the hands of Captain Haverly, and you must name your second."

"Captain Withers."

"Very good. My friend shall wait upon him in two hours from this time and arrange the matter. Say to your friends that I do not seek quarrels with any of them, but I am determined to take my proper place in society in spite of them all. I shall be at mess at midday, and woe to the man who dares insult me."

He walked away, and entered a tailor-shop a few doors below, leaving his enemy transfixed with wonder at his proud bearing, and half sorry he had not sided with him. But the affront had been too openly given to admit of excuse, and he must fight it out.

Cline ordered some articles he needed, among others a dress uniform. He picked out a fatigue dress from the tailor's stock, and put it on. Going into a swordmaker's he found a blade which suited him. When he came into the street, many who



knew him looked at him in surprise, and thought he was masquerading. He said nothing to any one, but received and returned salutes from two of the young men who had been at the "George," and who, with great presence of mind, had recognized the difference between a quarrel with Walt Cline, skip, flunky or valet to Captain Wharton Haverly, and a quarrel with Lieutenant Walter Cline, a capital swordsman, who had beaten the best blade in the regiment. Cline had not been mistaken in his estimate of "the fellows," and that most of them would require only one lesson. He went into Prescott's quarters, and was well received, remaining there nearly half an hour. In the mean time, Haverly had arrived at the linen-draper's, and had sent in his name. Mona had not yet gone out for her ride, and received him in the little parlor.

"Doubtless you have seen my father," she said, "and understand that the impediment to my acquaintance, of which I spoke, has arisen. As he objects to my knowing you, I must ask you not to visit me again."

"Can you be so cruel?"

"Excuse me, I have no option in the matter, and always leave these things for him to decide. Thanking you for your timely aid the other day, I must beg of you to retire."

"I am afraid you do not understand who I am, Miss Mona. My family is among the best known and wealthy in England, and if I have not yet risen high in my profession, it is not for lack of influence or wealth."

"I am glad to hear it," she answered, quietly; "but what has this to do with me?"

Haverly did not know how to begin. With that calm eye upon him, and that pure face turned toward him, even his effrontery was at fault, and he dared not speak the insult which was in his heart.

"I had hoped," he stammered, "that I was not wholly indifferent to you."

"Nor are you, sir. I have thanked you for your kindness to me, and I do not know how I can well do more. But I have promised to make this interview the last between us. I have an engagement to fill, and must ask you to bring your visit to a close."

"You don't mean that?"



"It appears so."

"The last visit?"

"Decidedly."

"I will not give you up so," cried the young captain. "Listen to me; I love you, and can not live without you. Promise to love me in return, and I—"

"Stop!" said Mona, in her clear, ringing voice. "I have heard enough—more than enough—to satisfy me in relation to you. You ask me to love you, and you say you love me, but how? If you value a whole skin, and do not wish to die, leave me before my father comes in."

"I do not fear him."

"You *do*! His power, when he acted as your servant, was sufficient to make *you* rather *his* servant, and it is not less now. Be assured of this, that he shall hear of this insult."

"How have I insulted you?"

"By the mere offer of such a heart as yours, which has been pieced away a score of times, to the ruin of confiding women. You see I know you, and how pure a thing your love is. You see the door, sir; be so good as go out at it, and come back here no more."

"I shall not forget this language," hissed Haverly. "You have refused my love, let us see if you can elude my vengeance."

"Do you wish me to make my father acquainted with this threat?"

"Curse him, curse him," muttered Haverly. "Oh, if he were dead, I would make your life so bitter to you that you would almost pray to be allowed to die. But you know his power and my weakness. My time will come yet. But I must ask you a question. Do you love another?"

"I will not answer."

"You must."

"I will *not*, and you have not the power to force it from me. Shall I ring the bell and order you to be turned out?"

"This last insult was not needed. I am going; but one thing you must bear in mind, and that is that I have an excellent memory."

With these words, he strode away, but lurked in secret up-



on the street corner until her horse was brought out and she rode away alone. Calling up the boy who was holding his own horse, Haverly mounted and rode away on the course pursued by her. As she rode down the street, he saw her meet a boy, who gave her a letter, which she read while sitting in the saddle. He was near enough to see that she was surprised at the contents, and was questioning the boy eagerly. When she had finished, she turned into the street which led up the river and hurried away. The boy remained standing at the spot where she had met him, gloating over a gold-piece which she had given him, when Haverly rode up, intending to question him.

"What have you there, my lad?" he said.

"Money," said he. "That's the kind of a job to get. The gentleman give me one piece and she give me another."

"What gentleman?"

"You ain't him."

"I know it; but that does not answer my question."

"He could *lick* two like you, mister," said the boy, contemptuously. "He could do it easy, too."

"Will you tell me who you mean?"

"No," replied the boy, grinning.

"Not if I give you another gold-piece? I've got one for you."

"You've got *two*," said the boy, "or I'm mum as a drum with a hole in it."

"I don't mind. Now, who sent the letter to Mona Cline?"

The boy, instead of answering, put his hand into his pocket and pulled out the letter he had brought to Mona.

"She dropped it," said he. "Make the most of it."



## CHAPTER VIII.

## TWO LOVERS.

WHARTON HAVERLY was a villain at heart, though a gentle man by birth and education. Perhaps it was his very education which made him the man he was. Pampered from his youth, he had entered the army because it contained "good society;" few except the sons of "gentlemen" held rank in it. Those who moved in what he called the lower rank of society were, in his estimation, so many playthings for his highness to make sport with. It was simply in this light that he looked at Mona Cline, and when she turned him off so coolly, it cut his pride to the quick, and he swore in savage earnest to make her repent the insult bitterly. He opened the letter which he held in his hand and read it, with a start of surprise.

DEAR MONA : I arrived two nights ago, and have been on the watch. Should have seen you if possible, but had too much business. Meet me at once at the point on the island where you rode with Wharton Haverly yesterday. B.

"It is as I thought," muttered the captain. "She loves some one and he appoints a meeting. Enough; I will be there."

Turning his horse's head he followed quickly in the path taken by Mona, and soon had her in sight. She never looked back, being evidently in haste, and he saw her at length pause in a little thicket upon the point, near the place where the Wizard Canoe had first been seen. Tying his horse in a thicket, he crept forward on foot, and saw her standing beside her horse upon a little eminence, looking out upon the river. As he gazed, the bushes upon the bank parted, and the young man who had met him at the George sprang up the bank with a quick bound, and Mona, leaving her horse, extended both hands to him with a heartiness which showed that she was unfeignedly glad to meet him.

"Bernard," she cried. "I am so glad you have come."

"My darling Mona," he said, pressing his lips again and



again to her hands. "I have counted the hours until I should see you again. How have you been this weary time we have been separated? Oh, will the time ever come when I can claim you for my own, my dearest?"

"It will come in God's good time, Bernard. Until then we must wait and watch. I am glad to see you here, but think of the danger you must run if your true character was but known."

"Hush; 'tell it not in Gath, nor let the sound reach Askelon,' or the fat will be in the fire. My dear Mona, you have no idea how much I will endure for your sweet sake. Since the time I saw you in Quebec I have been working for you, and I have determined to prove that you are not bound by any law of nature to obey Walter Cline as you do. In a few days, at the furthest, the work will be done. When Montreal is in our hands, I will tell you what I know."

The hidden man ground his teeth hard and laid his hand upon a weapon. He had it in his heart to fire and make an end of one who, it was evident, was a foe and spy. But he dared not do it now, with Mona looking on. Who was Bernard, and what did he mean by the fall of Montreal? Was he one of the assistants whom Ethan Allen had found so useful in all his expeditions? He would wait and see.

"I will not talk to you of the work we have to do, my dear Mona," said the young man. "Let that pass. To-morrow I go with Walter Cline and Wharton Haverly to capture Ethan Allen. An odd business for me, is it not?"

"You will not do it."

"I have promised."

"But, think of what you do. If you place yourself in their power, and they find you out, how will you escape their vengeance?"

"I must do my work," replied Bernard. "Ours is a high and holy mission, the salvation of a great country and the foundation of a power which shall one day be felt through the length and breadth of the great world we live in. Let things go as they will, Bernard Pearson will be true to his duty."

"I know you are brave, even to rashness, and it is this which makes me anxious about you. Do you know this fearful being who haunts Montreal, known as the Specter Spy?"



"Have you heard of him?"

"Yes. He has appeared to my father and to Wharton Haverly, and robbed my father of a valuable paper which he would give much to possess again. Whoever he may be, he has wonderful power and I fear him."

"Let me say a word in respect to him. Whatever cause others may have to fear the Specter Spy, you, and such as you, have no cause to be afraid, for he will do you no harm. I know enough of him to promise this in his behalf."

"Then it is merely hearsay about his being a spirit?"

"Some say yes; some say no. Ask me nothing of him, my dear Mona. I can not tell you about it now. Some day you shall know all, and you will be as surprised as many others will be, to learn the history of the Specter Spy. I met your father and Haverly at the George to-day, on the occasion of a duel between Cline and a pompous major who refused to recognize his new rank of lieutenant."

"I would not have him injured, for he has done nothing except kindness to me since I was a little child," said Mona.

"Was he hurt?"

"Not he! His address and skill with the small-sword are truly wonderful, and I should not care to have a bout with him myself, much as I pride myself upon sword-play. He is determined to force them to recognize him as their equal, and he will do it."

"And Wharton Haverly?"

"He is your father's backer, and calls him his friend."

"He is forced to do it, but at heart he is as small and narrow-minded as any of the rest. Oh, Bernard, I would not for the world have him know that we love each other so dearly. If he did, in his vindictive cruelty he would stop at nothing, not even at shedding blood."

"He had better not be impudent to you, or I will twist his neck like a partridge. Your face betrays you, Mona; he has been impudent to you."

"No, no."

"But, I say yes. Has he dared, the low-lived hound? I will call him out to-morrow."

"If you quarrel with him for what he has done I shall be very angry. I care nothing for what he said in the heat of



passion, after I had forbidden him the house Yet he is vir-  
dictive and I would have you beware of him. How did you  
come here?"

"By canoe."

"I did not see you when you came up."

"I was hugging the shore, as I do not care to be any more  
conspicuous than I am obliged. Let us drop these business  
subjects and let me tell you how much I love you."

For more than an hour the two sat together hand in hand  
conversing in so low a tone that Haverly could hear but little  
they said. Yet he kept his position until Bernard Pearson  
arose.

"I will see you again to-night," he said. "Walk, after  
seven o'clock, upon the lower side of Nôtre Dame, above the  
George. Wear a veil so that no one can recognize you, and I  
will meet you."

There was a tender farewell from Mona, and he kissed her  
lips again and again, while Haverly bit his own white lips to  
keep himself from crying out in his rage. But, he could stay  
no longer, and stealing back to his horse, he mounted and  
rode away, keeping the bushes between him and the lovers.  
After riding a short distance he halted behind a clump of  
alders and waited for Mona. Fifteen minutes passed before  
she came, riding slowly and hanging down her head, and he  
saw that she was weeping. "That accursed dog," he mut-  
tered. "I shall find him out yet."

When she came opposite his retreat he rode out and  
joined her.

"You see I keep my word," he said. "I am not going to  
give you up so easily ; and so, seeing you ride out, I followed.  
Let us take advantage of this lovely morning and have a  
talk."

"Excuse me, Captain Haverly. If you are a gentleman  
you will not force your society upon me, when I assure you  
that it is distasteful to me."

"Faint heart never won fair lady. I love you too well to  
yield tamely to your first outbreak. I think you will change  
your mind in reference to me."

"I never shall."

"Let me entreat you. I repeat what I said to you this



morning, and wish to make you my wife. Knowing that, of course it makes a change."

"If you wish to escape sound in body, you will not say any more, Captain Haverly. I hope to be spared the disgrace of ever being the wife of such as you."

"Disgrace?"

"I said so. Doubtless you think it an honor, and others may think the same. I shall not quarrel with their choice but my election is made, and I would sooner live in company with the most savage things in nature than to suffer on as your wife."

"Stop," said Haverly. "Enough of insults from your lips. I understand you fully and I know why you do not love me. Do you see this?"

He extended the note which Bernard Pearson had sent her that morning. Mona changed countenance and searched for the letter, and satisfied that she had lost it, snatched it from the hand of the captain.

"Are you a thief as well as a coward?" she cried.

The question literally took away his breath, and he grasped at the pommel of his saddle for support, glaring at her wildly.

"Thief! What do you know—what have you heard? Has Cline betrayed me?"

"Did you not steal this letter?"

"No," he replied, taking courage. "I bought it from the boy who brought it to you."

"And read it?"

"Certainly. What! would I give two guineas for it, if I did not intend to read it?"

"There is nothing wrong in it."

"No? What if I go to your father and say that you grant secret interviews to unknown young men, notwithstanding you are too particular in your choice of companions in the city?"

"You dare not tell him."

"And why not?"

"I would repeat the insults you have offered me to-day, and your life itself would hardly be safe, for, with all his faults, Walter Cline loves me well."



"I will take my chances. If he thinks my offer of to-day an insult, I am mistaken; and will defy him to do his worst in reference to his power over me."

"Nonsense; you are trembling even now. I did not think you a coward until now."

"Did you not? Nor am I a coward, as you shall find to your cost. As a proof of this, I am going to taste those ripe lips of yours and see if they are as sweet as they are beautiful."

Before she had time to think he passed his arm about her waist, and kissed her twice. She released herself by an effort and sprung from the saddle, and to his surprise she held a pistol in her hand.

"Get down," she said.

"What do you mean? Don't take it in such terrible earnest. Any man may kiss a pretty girl."

"Get down, I say. If you do not, I shall fire, and I never miss. Make haste."

He dismounted, seeing by the flash of her eyes that she intended to keep her word.

"Tie your horse to that limb," she said, pointing with the pistol. "Secure him well."

He obeyed under the compulsion of the leveled pistol and that unshrinking eye. When he had tied his horse well she threw her own bridle over a bush and approached him.

"Kneel down!" she said.

"Eh?"

"Kneel down!"

"But I don't understand this."

"You will by the time I have done with you. Kneel down or I will shoot you with as little mercy as I would any venomous brute which assailed me."

"But, you surely do not mean it. The offense was so slight, that—"

"I will count three. At the word three if you are not on your knees I shall fire at you. I would not advise you to be standing at the time."

"But—"

"One!"

"You really must—"



"Two!"

The pistol was leveled and her finger was already bearing hard upon the trigger, when Haverly dropped upon his knees. She stood looking down at him with a cold smile, holding the pistol ready and reading his disgrace in his writhing face.

"You have offered an insult to the daughter of the people in your arrogance and pride. A daughter of the people repel an insult and avenges it in her own person. One insult was not enough and you heaped others on it. Beg my pardon."

He did so, in the most abject terms, for he saw that she would shoot him if he refused. Then she raised her riding-whip and struck him twice across the face, raising livid welts where the lash fell. Then turning, she bounded into the saddle.

"Keep your place," she cried, as he attempted to rise. "I do not desire to be followed by you, neither will I be. If you come within pistol-shot of me while I am riding home I will take a shot at you."

She rode away at a rapid pace, leaving him kneeling on the sod. He rose slowly, passing his hot hand across the red ridges on his face, and muttering to himself like a man in a dream. He had been disgraced by this girl, disgraced beyond recall, and nothing but her utter ruin could atone for it. But, how was that to be brought about? He sat down upon a stone and thought it over. The sun had passed the meridian when he rose, and releasing his horse, rode away. As he did so, a wild laugh rose from the bushes by his side, the laugh he knew but too well.

"Ha! ha! ha! Disgraced by a girl, and he thinks it is not known."

With a yell of rage Haverly dashed into the bushes from which the voice issued, when he was prostrated by a heavy blow upon the head.



## CHAPTER IX

## THE COMPACT.

WHEN Haverly rose, still dizzy and half stunned, the expression of his face was demoniac. When no one but Mona knew his shame, he did not care for it so much, but now another knew it, and that one the being he most dreaded, the Specter Spy. He had caught a fleeting glimpse of a tall figure rising above the bushes before the blow was dealt, but not enough to fix the figure in his mind. His horse, a trained animal, still stood where he had been left. Reaching the saddle with difficulty, the captain rode into Montreal, determined to find out and punish the man who had dared to win the love of Mona Cline from him. They would meet that night, and he would be there.

He had not ridden a hundred yards when he heard the sound of voices, and a turn in the path showed him Walter Cline, in the undress uniform which he had purchased, attended by a young lieutenant in their regiment, one of the two who had met and saluted the newly-commissioned officer in the street after his encounter with Jones. They greeted him cordially.

"Lieutenant Myerby has consented to act as my second in an affair with Captain Ponsonby, who has insulted me," said Cline. "They will be here directly."

"Another duel?"

"Ah, yes. I may as well have them over. I mean to prove to these gentlemen that my courage and skill are undoubted, and then they will be forced to receive me as an equal. Many of them are already converted to this belief, and among others my young friend Myerby."

"Do you fight with swords?"

"I think with pistols. It is immaterial, as far as I am concerned; all weapons suit me equally well. By the way, where have you been?"

"I will tell you when this affair is at an end, if you will



accompany me; though I wish to say that Ponsonby is a dead shot, and has already killed his man."

"Indeed? I have fired a pistol myself before now. Let us see how the affair will turn out, for it marches quickly now. I think I hear them coming, and this is the place appointed."

The rattle of hoofs proved that he was right, and a moment after two men rode up, who proved to be Ponsonby and his second. The principal was attired in a full suit of black, buttoned to the chin, showing not a speck of white as a mark for an adversary's bullet. Cline smiled as he saw this arrangement, but said nothing. Before he took his ground, however, they saw him turn back his wristbands and button his own coat closely, with the air of a man who knew what he was about.

"Will you use your own pistols or ours?" said Ponsonby's second. "We have a fine pair of hair-trigger, which have seen service."

"I prefer to use my own," replied the lieutenant. "Give me that box from my saddle-pouch, Haverly."

Wharton complied, and opening a mahogany case, they saw a pair of pistols of exquisite finish, whose barrels, of the bronzed steel then just coming into vogue, were as perfect as weapons could be. He handled them with the air of one who knew their use, and offered Ponsonby a choice. He saw at a glance that they were better weapons than his own, and took one, which he gave to his second to load. There was little time lost in the preliminaries, and the principals were placed ten paces apart, waiting for the word, which was to be given by Lieutenant Myerby.

"Before we fire," said the ex-servant, "I wish to be fully understood. I have no feeling personally against Captain Ponsonby. On the contrary, I should be proud to rank him as my friend, but I must take my standing in my regiment without loss of time, and shall challenge any man who sees fit to impugn either my motives or my character. With this explanation, the duel need not be of a sanguinary character unless it is forced upon me."

Myerby stood about equidistant from the two opponents, out of the line of fire, holding a pistol in one hand and a handkerchief in the other.



"Remember gentlemen, I propose to count three and drop the handkerchief. The man who withholds his fire, or fires before the word three, I will shoot. Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"Yes."

"One—two—three!"

The handkerchief dropped, and the weapons exploded. The pistol hand of Ponsonby fell powerless to his side, and Cline stood erect, without a scratch, waiting to give his adversary another chance, if he so desired. But Ponsonby had enough of it already, as his arm was broken by the shot, and he could not lift it. Cline advanced and extended his hand, which Ponsonby accepted.

"You are a man of honor, to say the least, and I will myself defend you if your character is assailed. I beg your pardon on my own account."

"It is unnecessary," replied Cline. "Under the circumstances you could do no less. You had better let the surgeon look at your arm, for I fear it is broken."

"This is my affair," said the surgeon, thrusting in among them. "Who has a sharp knife or dagger? Ah, this will do."

He cut the sleeve of the black coat to the elbow, and bared the arm. The bullet had entered just below the elbow, and had broken one of the small bones of the fore-arm. The fracture was not a bad one, and the experienced surgeon soon set it, and the party were in the saddle on their way back to the city.

Haverly and his companion separated from the rest at the George, and there secured a private room, where Haverly told the story of his afternoon's exploit, including even the horsewhipping he had received at the hands of Mona, laying it entirely to his offer of marriage.

"The girl is one of spirit," said Cline, with a slight smile. "I warned you."

"But what do you think of her meeting this stranger by the river? This lady, who is so fastidious in her acquaintance, does not disdain to meet an unknown man in a solitary place."

"I can hardly believe it. Look you, Wharton Haverly, the



girl is a good one, and has been a faithful child to me. She will explain this affair when I meet her."

"They meet again to-night. I tell you she has deceived you in this matter, and that this affair is of long standing. If you had heard their loving words as I did, you would think as I do, that it should be stopped."

"It shall be. Now look at me and listen to what I say. If you prove to me to my satisfaction that Mona Cline meets any stranger without my knowledge, I will promise to aid you in making her your wife. Understand me fully—in making her your wife."

"Enough; I will do as you say. Meet me again at half-past seven, in the coffee-room, and I will prove this fully."

"Agreed," said Cline. "It will be hard to make me believe that Mona can deceive me."

They went down into the coffee-room and found Pearson there, sitting alone at a table, toying with, rather than drinking, a glass of Madeira. He nodded quietly, not at all with the air of a man who had been engaged in any mischief.

"If you have told the truth about the fellow he is a cool one," said Cline, in a low tone. "It does not look like it."

"I hear you have had another affair, Lieutenant Cline," he said. "Your name is in every man's mouth, and, my word for it, they will be civil to you in the future."

"We have a little supper at the barracks at eight o'clock," said Cline. "Could you not make one of us?"

"Not so early as eight o'clock," replied Pearson. "I have an engagement which will keep me from seven until perhaps half-past eight. After that, I shall be quite at your service."

"We can send some one to meet you and take you to the barracks at any hour you name," he said. "Shall we do so?"

"I shall be honored by your so doing, and proud to come," replied Pearson.

"It is agreed, then; good-afternoon, and make your engagement as short as you can."

The two passed out, leaving Pearson alone. He sat there half an hour longer, sipping his wine and meditating. At the end of that time, he rose and strolled out of the house, walking toward the river. Turning abruptly into a dark street, he



knocked at the door of a small house. The knock was answered by a servant, who admitted him without question to a small room, in which a small man was seated at a table.

"Ah, Bernard," he said, "I am glad to see you; for, to say the truth, your daring exploits make me tremble for you. How have you succeeded?"

"I have seen her and had a long conversation with her. I assure you, Milburn, that when you come face to face with her, the varied graces, of body and mind, which she possesses will astonish you, and you will no longer wonder that I love her so dearly."

"Did you tell her any thing?"

"I dared not. Our own project was so full of interest to me, that I thought better to let her affairs, which are now safe, work themselves out. When Montreal is in our hands, it will be easy for me to explain. By the way, do you know I am asked to supper?"

"With whom?"

"With our friends, Haverly and Cline."

"Will you go?"

"We are sworn brothers," replied Bernard, with a smile; "but, for all that, I do not trust them. Hark you, Milburn, a word in your ear."

He whispered some instruction into the ear of Milburn, who nodded his head quietly, and they began to talk in louder tones.

"That is understood, then," said Bernard. "I think I had better go with them to this supper, but whether I shall go out with them to capture Allen is another affair. Walter Cline would go wild if he knew that I loved his daughter."

"He will know it soon. His daughter! Oh, let the time soon come when I can meet him, face to face, and lay his secret life bare before him!"

"Take time, Milburn. Surely, you have suffered long enough to bear this with patience. I came here to put you on your guard, and arrange this little matter with you. I must leave you now, for it is nearly time for supper, after which I meet Mona."

Milburn was a new man in Montreal, having resided there less than a year. Few people knew any thing of him, beyond



the fact that he was a gentleman of means, who lived retired, shutting himself up with his books, rarely appearing in the streets except upon the Sabbath, when he attended church service. His slight figure could then be seen seated in his own pew, in the shadow of the pulpit, hearing nothing but the words of the divine. He was not an old man, not more than forty; but years of care had set their seal upon a brow once smooth and white as a girl's. Pearson shook hands with him cordially, and they separated. He had hardly left the room when Milburn rung the bell, and his servant appeared. The man was a powerfully-built fellow, with the arms and chest of a gladiator.

"What is it?" he said, shortly.

"Get your club and place it beside my sword, so that we may be ready to arm ourselves when we go out."

"At what time?"

"At seven, Matthew."

"I shall be ready," replied Matthew, and went out, closing the door carefully. Milburn took a paper from his bosom and spreading it out upon his desk, studied it carefully, and was so engaged when Matthew brought in lights and supper. He ate a little, drank a glass of wine, and called for his sword. Matthew brought in a black belt, containing a pair of handsome pistols, and a long, narrow blade of the best steel, which Milburn drew from the scabbard and looked at with a dark smile, as he poised and balanced it.

"I wonder if my hand has lost its ancient skill," he murmured, "since the time when I taught Walter Cline how to use his blade? He was an apt scholar, too; God pity him in the hour when we meet as enemies to the death. Come Matthew."

The man took up a heavy oaken staff, bound with iron, and led the way into the hall. When his master had passed out, he closed and locked the inner and outer doors, putting the keys in his pocket.

"You must lead, now," he said. "I only live to obey your orders."

Milburn said not a word, but striking into a rapid walk, set off up the street, closely followed by Matthew.

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Haverly was ready when seven o'clock came, and found Cline waiting. He had provided heavy cloaks reaching to the heel, and completely concealing their garments. In addition to this disguise, each carried beneath his cloak a mask of Venetian lace, which they kept ready to put on, should occasion require it.

"Where did you say they were to meet?" asked Cline.

"In Nôtre Dame, above the George," replied Haverly. "Unless I am much mistaken, yonder is the man."

A heavy figure emerged from a side-street, and went on before them at a rapid pace, which made them step out briskly. They put on their masks as they walked, and pulled their slouched hats down over their foreheads, quickening their pace as they did so. It was hardly necessary, for the next moment the man in front met a lady closely veiled, who said something to him which they could not hear, and took his arm. He turned and came back with her, talking in an animated tone of voice, to which she made low answers. She was speaking when they passed the two disguised men, and both recognized Pearson, while neither doubted that the lady was Mona. She could conceal her face, but she could not hide that wealth of dark hair flowing half-way to her feet.

"Are you satisfied?" whispered the young captain. "Have I told you the truth?"

"You have. Now satisfy me that she loves him, and I will keep my word with you, even so far as forcing her to be your wife, if necessary."

"I will do that," said Haverly, eagerly. "Step into this dark alley. They will not walk far in that direction, but will turn back."

Bernard and his companion continued down the street for a hundred yards, then came back. As they passed the spot where the two men were hidden, they walked slowly, and she was speaking:

"Nothing but my love for you, dear Bernard, will make me conceal any thing from my father, who is very kind to me. You ought to know that."

Haverly felt the spasmodic grip of Cline upon his arm and understood it. The compact was made. Bernard Pearson must die.



CHAPTER X.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

FOR half an hour or more the lovers walked up and down the open space, passing and repassing the crouching figures in the shadow of the building. Cline knew that when eight o'clock struck upon the great bell in the square tower to the right they would leave the place. They were directly opposite the alley when the bell rung, and both stopped to listen to the musical peal.

"We must part," said Bernard. "You do not fear to go alone to your home?"

"What should I fear? Have I not the pistol you gave me?"

"Yes, and you know how to use it, if the time comes, as you did to day upon that dastard who assailed you. My brave girl; my heroine!"

"Your praise is very sweet to me, Bernard," she said, softly, "and I thank you for it. Good-night."

Their lips clung together in a passionate kiss and she was gone, leaving Bernard standing alone upon the pavement, looking after her. As he turned away, he was confronted by two men in long cloaks, who wished him good-night as they passed him. He saw that they wore their hats pulled low upon their brows. Some instinctive feeling caused him to turn, and he did so only to see that they had drawn their swords and were springing at him.

Quick as thought his own blade flashed from the scabbard and a low, clear whistle from Bernard's lips broke the silence of the street. The blind of a house near which they stood was opened on the instant, and a flood of brilliant light fell upon the trio, then the window itself was thrown open and two men leaped out at them. Cline caught the flash of another steel blade and turned to meet its owner, leaving Bernard to Haverly, with a dim foreboding that they had got themselves into trouble.



"Who are you?" he cried, as he crossed blades with the new-comer.

"Your master," was the reply, in the voice of Milburn, and Cline uttered a low cry of dismay, as if that voice had brought old memories fresh to his mind. Nevertheless he fought with the skill and daring of a man trained in the exercise of arms. Great as his science was it was useless against the blade which Milburn bore, for Cline's weapon was twisted from his grasp just as Haverly was beaten to his knee by the club of Matthew.

"Away!" cried Milburn. "The patrol is coming. You two escape for this time, but there is a heavy reckoning in store for you. Follow me, sir!"

The three sprung down the alley which led into Great St. James just as two or three of the patrol rushed to the spot. Cline had presence of mind enough to pull off his companion's mask and cloak, together with his own, and fling them on the sidewalk.

"What is this?" cried the leader of the patrol. "Stand, in the name of the king."

"This way," replied Cline. "Here are two officers of the —— assailed by masked men and one of them nearly slain. Who is that?"

"Sergeant Woodhouse. Is that you, Lieutenant Cline?"

"Yes. We were assaulted by two men armed with swords and another armed with a huge club, the latter of whom struck Captain Haverly on the head."

"Utah! It seems to me Captain Haverly is very unlucky this week. Upon my word, if this keeps on his head will be beaten to a pomice. Which way did the rascals go?"

"Down that alley. Follow them as fast as you can. See, they have thrown down their masks, the rascals."

Woodhouse darted down the alley in pursuit, while Cline and Haverly, and they proceeded slowly toward the "George." Few were the words that either spoke. When they approached and entered the tavern, to their surprise they saw Bernard Pearson sitting at his own table sipping his wine with the same expression of perfect ease and quiet which he had worn when they left him before supper.

"Come for me, I suppose," he said. "I meant to have



been here sooner, but a couple of rascals assaulted me in the street, and I should have fared badly, if strangers had not come to my aid. Two to one I find to be great odds in the dark, and I must have gone under in a moment more."

"Did you know who assaulted you?"

"How should I, when I hardly know three people besides ourselves in this good town?"

"And you do not even know who saved you?"

"No, nor care much, for that matter. But, how about our engagement at the barracks—is it not time to go?" He rose as he spoke, and then added: "By the way, don't you think we had better take young Myerby with us?"

"Have him if you like," said Cline. "I should be glad of his company; he did me good service to-day in my affair with Ponsonby. Where is he now?"

"In his room. Shall I call him down?"

"If you will be so kind."

Bernard left the room, and as he did so, Haverly put his mouth close to the ear of Cline, and whispered:

"Have you the poniard with you—the one you took from me that night when—"

"When you did me the honor to attempt my life? Certainly; I have it now."

"Then why not touch this young devil with its point? It is easily done. You have but to touch him so as to draw blood, and in an hour he will be a dead man and no one will be the wiser."

"I am not an assassin. Do your own dirty work. I am willing to take my part in killing him, face to face and foot to foot, but no poison for me. If he is to die by my hand, it shall be in fair fight, not by fraud and treachery."

"Did you not promise to aid me?"

"Yes, and I will keep my promise. You shall have my good word in making Moma your wife, but I think she would sooner be buried alive."

"Hush; here he comes now."

Bernard came in with his arm locked in that of the young lieutenant, and they were soon at the barracks. The supper had already commenced, but the officers made places for the



new-comers, and every one attended to the business of eating until the cloth was removed and the wine came on. Bernard had been introduced to the company as a young gentleman from Quebec, come to see life in Montreal. His handsome face and figure at once commanded attention, and his easy manner of conversation and lively sallies soon made him a favorite.

The wine being on, up rose Major Lansing, acting for Jones who gave the supper but could not attend, for obvious reasons.

"The first toast, gentlemen, is one to which all will respond with feeling hearts. Every Englishman's heart must bound responsively when the name of his sovereign is mentioned. **God save the king.**"

Every glass but that of Bernard Pearson was lifted high, and his would have been but for an accident. As he went to raise it to his lips he struck the glass upon the edge of the table and broke it into fragments. Few noticed the accident, and then it was too late to be remedied. The toast had been duly honored.

"You did not have an opportunity of drinking the king's health," said Cline. "Waiter, give this gentleman another glass."

"I must have taken a drop too much before I came here," said the young man, with his light laugh. "I am remarkably awkward to-night, and am sorry to lose the pleasure of drinking the king's health. Indeed, I have strong hopes that God will save his majesty. Like his dutiful subjects, he needs it badly."

Some of those about the table were half inclined to take umbrage at the tone of this speech, and looked at the young man to see if he meant any thing wrong. But, his face expressed nothing of the kind they looked for, and they concluded to pass it over.

The next toast was, "Success to the British army and navy. May they soon bring back these erring colonies to their allegiance to the true cause." Bernard raised his glass to his lips with the rest, muttering something to himself as he did so, and drank the toast.

"Did you speak?" said Cline, who sat next to him.



"I was thinking aloud, a bad habit I shall never overcome," replied the young man. "It was nothing of any moment, and you may as well pass it over."

Captain Haverly now rose, instigated by Cline, and leaning gracefully upon the table, began a neat little speech.

"I must crave the indulgence of my brother officers for a moment. There is a new man among us, one who has for some time been placed in a false position by his own choice, and who to-day takes the station among you to which by birth and education he is entitled. Some of my brother officers took umbrage at his being commissioned, and put his courage to the only test we have. Twice this day he has been out, and in both cases opposed to a man who, with the particular weapon used, is simply a master. In both cases he was victorious, as Major Jones, if he were here, and Captain Ponsonby, can testify. I myself will be his warrant that as pure blood flows in his veins as in those of any man I see before me, myself not excepted, and you know what the blood of the Haverlys is. I propose we drink the health of Lieutenant Cline in bumpers."

"I second the proposition," said Captain Ponsonby, rising. "Let us prove to this gallant gentleman that we are above small dealings of any kind, and that we honor bravery wherever we may see it."

"To your feet, gentlemen," said the major. "The health of Lieutenant Cline."

Every man rose, some of them unwillingly but forced by public opinion to take this course, also knowing that any man who refused to do honor to the toast would be promptly challenged by Cline, and none of them desired the doubtful honor of going out with him either with pistol or sword. Cline remained seated until all had resumed their places, when he rose slowly and thanked them for the honor they had done him and their kindness in meeting him so frankly, who had come among them under such unfavorable auspices. He sat down amid a general clamor of applause, in the midst of which he turned to Haverly, with the question:

"How about 'the fellows,' now?"

Haverly was dumb.



## CHAPTER XI.

## IN THE LION'S JAWS.

IN the midst of the revelry a man came to the door and called for Mr. Bernard Pearson. Bernard turned and saw Matthew, the stout servant of William Milburn. Cline also saw him, and springing up, looked at him like a man who sees a vision. Matthew did not seem to see him, but beckoned to Bernard, who rose and followed him without any words beyond an excuse for his abrupt departure. He followed Matthew through the dark street to the house of Milburn, whom he found seated in the same room where they had met before.

"I have news," he cried. "Allen has raised a good force of Canadians, and is on his march. At La Prairie he met Major Brown, and they intend to assail Montreal to-night. It must not be done. If you do not stop it, woe to the expedition of Montgomery."

"You say true, but if I attempt to leave Montreal to-night I may be taken."

"You must take the chances. It is a question of the salvation of the army, and you must not hesitate."

"Do not think I fear the danger to myself," replied the young man. "If I fall, promise me that you will convey the intelligence to Mona, as tenderly as may be, for it will be sad news to her."

"She shall think of you as a martyr, if you fall. But, o that I have no fear. You will do well enough. Away, and cross the river as soon as you can. You will know how to do it."

Their hands met in a cordial pressure, and the young man was gone. Ethan Allen had been for some days among the Canadians and Indians in the vicinity of the Sorel and Chambly, and had written to Montgomery that he would join him in front of St. John's, for the capture of that place. Marching up the eastern bank of the St. Lawrence, intending to



keep his word with General Montgomery, his scouts apprised him of the approach of an armed force. The destiny of this brave man, and of Montgomery, might have been different but for this unfortunate meeting. He was about to engage this armed party, when signals well known to him apprised him of the fact that the strange force was a part of the army of Montgomery. The leaders met, and the new comer was found to be Major Brown, with an advanced party of Americans and Canadians. Brown had been scouting in the vicinity of Montreal, and knew the small force of regular troops within the walls, and that it could be easily surprised.

"I am glad to meet you, colonel," said Brown, as they shook hands. "Here is a chance for another Ticonderoga affair, if you like. I have scouted about here until I am certain it can be done."

The giant frame of Allen dilated at the thought of doing the country another signal service.

"I would not like to risk it until I have heard from a man I sent out some days ago, and who ought to have joined me before now."

"But, there is no risk. All you have to do is to get canoes together at Longueuil, and cross the river to the island, below the city. There you will wait until I have crossed with two hundred men above the town, when I will give you a signal, and Montreal is ours."

This was the very project to catch such a man as Ethan Allen, having in it so much of the daring which formed so distinguishing a characteristic of this highly remarkable person. He thought it over, and the more he thought of it the more feasible it seemed, and he struck his broad palm into that of Brown with the single exclamation, "God helping us, it shall be done!"

To plan and follow his plan by immediate action, was the method of Allen. In half an hour the party were on the return march for Longueuil, and at night were camped upon the eastern bank of the river below the city, collecting the necessary canoes for carrying out their plans. These were very few—so few that with their utmost efforts they found it impossible to get enough to take all over at once. At midnight the wind was blowing strongly, but in the face of all, with



three divisions of the troop, numbering in all but eighty Canadians and thirty of Allen's famous Green Mountain Boys, they crossed the river to the island, in full view of the city, whose walls rose dark and grim in front. They only waited for the signal of Brown, announcing that he had landed upon the upper side of the island, to rush forward to the assault and carry the town, as they had carried Ticonderoga, at one bold push.

The signal did not come, and there, in the cold mist of the Canadian morning, Allen waited for the sound which he was doomed never to hear. As he stood there, a low signal, which he knew well, apprised him that one of his scouts was at hand, and he answered the call. It was a peculiar whistle, such as he had taught his comrades when they fled from the sheriff in the fastnesses of the Green Mountains, hiding among the rocks like the conies.

"Bernard Pearson," he said. "I know his whistle among a hundred. Pass the word to the outposts that he is to be allowed to pass."

The word passed from man to man, and Pearson, breathing heavily, like a man who had undergone violent fatigue, appeared at the side of Ethan Allen. The two stood face to face in the dim light—for morning was now coming—splendid specimens of manhood. Allen extended his hand, which Pearson grasped with warmth.

"I hope you will believe me, my dear colonel, when I say that I would sooner have my hands cut off at the wrist than to shake hands with you in the position you now occupy."

"What do you mean?"

"You are deceived, betrayed. A creature of Prescott's has escaped from Brown's division, and brought the news of you coming to the garrison. Brown has been warned that the danger is greater than he imagined, and he will not come. You are in the toils, my gallant colonel. Turn back, while there is yet time for you to escape."

"What time is there?"

"Not twenty minutes. I have lost much time searching for you in the darkness, and have not been able to find you until now. Get into your boats, and escape."



"Boats! We must make three trips to carry my men to the other bank. There is not time enough."

"Then escape yourself, and let the boys save themselves as they can. They will not complain—at least, not the ones who own the Green Mountains for their home."

"Not we!" shouted the Americans. "Let old Ethan escape; we will stay and fight it out."

"Only that I know the boys know better than to believe I would desert them, I should be angry with them," said Allen. "I hope I am not coward enough to do that. Oh that Brown would send his signal, and we would have the city even now. So fair a plan balked by the cowardice of the man who led me into this trap. I could cry with vexation. What is that noise?"

"The men have taken a prisoner, who was sneaking in the bushes," replied one of the "Boys."

"Bring him in."

They led him into the group, and Pearson drew back quickly, for he saw the face of Walter Cline. Satisfied that Walter had not seen him, he withdrew, leaving Allen to talk to him.

He was not very communicative, and though manifestly a spy, they dared not, in their present situation, treat him as such. He was placed in charge of a guard, with orders to keep him safe, but they were not equal to the task, for a quarter of an hour after the guard reported that he had escaped. The morning was now come, cold and dreary, and the sound of drums from the city warned them of the approach of the enemy. A little band of one hundred, three-fourths of them Canadians, stood upon the island verge, waiting in desperate silence for the coming of the force which was to sweep them into the river.

"Bernard," said Allen, taking the hand of his young companion, "there is nothing before us but to die hard. Before that battle commences, I ask you, in the name of our common country, to grant me one request. I shall not ask much at your hands, and I hope you will not refuse the request which may be my last."

"What is it?"

"Do you promise to grant it?"



"I do."

"Upon your honor?"

"Yes."

"I ask nothing stronger than that. Since I have that promise, I am more than satisfied. The request is, that when I see that all hope is gone, and give you the word, you will escape."

"Ethan?"

"Your promise, sir," cried Allen, sternly.

"It is given, and I never broke my word to friend or foe. But, it was a cruel thing for you to do."

"Why cruel?"

"You take from me the privilege which I count glorious, to be allowed to die by your side. But, I have given my word."

"An oath could not be stronger. Here they come, curse them. Speak to Ingoldsby and order him to begin with his rifles as soon as they come in range. If we can beat them off until Brown comes, all may yet be well."

"A curse upon him. He alone is to blame for this sad ending of a glorious exploit."

"Do not blame him, Bernard. If the poor heart failed at the moment when it should have been the strongest, he is not to blame, poor fellow. I pity a coward. To your duty, Bernard. I know that you will do that duty well."

A motley group of over four hundred irregular troops poured out of the city, Indians, half-breeds and Canadians, shouting as they came. Behind them, marching with the steady front peculiar to trained British regulars, they could distinguish the red coats of a company of the —th, under the command of Haverly and Cline. Hardly had the Canadian and Indian troops appeared, when the rifles of the thirteenth Americans, who were thrown to the front, began to speak, and several men dropped under the heavy fire. Yells of rage and pain broke from the irregulars, and they sunk out of sight below the bushes and tangled ferns, and commenced a dropping and ineffectual fire, which injured the tree-tops over and about the Americans, but did little more harm. The company of Haverly advanced and began their fire, raising their guns breast-high, according to their training, while the prac-



liced riflemen of Allen, taking sight through the leaves, dropped a man almost every shot. Oh, for the coming of Brown at that moment! Montreal must have fallen, and Ethan Allen would never have borne the ignominy of British chains. But the coward, for a coward in a time like this is worse than a traitor, refused to come.

The irregulars declined to come to close quarters, and Haverly decided upon a charge. Forming his men under cover of a thick growth of ferns, he gave the word and they came out at the "double" with leveled bayonets. Allen gave a great shout like that of a lion suddenly brought to bay, and snatching a rifle from the hands of a wounded Canadian, rushed to the front. The deadly fire of the rifles seemed to wither the front of the charging party and they sunk to the earth. A second fire brought them to a halt, and in spite of the remonstrances of Cline and Haverly, they broke and fled to the cover of the bushes.

"Curse them," growled Haverly, "they fight like demons."

"True," said Cline, "but his men are deserting. Twenty of the Canadians have already come in, and the rest will follow. The men who are standing up so savagely are the "Green Mountain Boys" of Allen, and their number is very small. What a terrible weapon is the rifle in practiced hands. I think we had better send a flag and ask their surrender."

"Do you think they will yield?"

"We can only try it," replied Cline. "I think you had better let me carry the flag. I have most of the American quality known as brass."

Taking a ramrod from a gun, Cline fastened his handkerchief to it, and advanced the white symbol from the bushes before he followed it in person. Allen gave the order to his men to cease firing, and Cline came boldly forward, with the white flag thrown into the hollow of his arm, until he stood face to face with the colonel.

"Well, sir?" said Allen.

"I am Lieutenant Cline, of the —th regiment of foot," said the visitor, easily. "I am commissioned by my superior, Captain Haverly, to demand your unconditional surrender."

"Unconditional, did he say?"

"Yes."



"Then go back to your superior and say, that Ethan Allen will sooner die in his tracks and with his harness on, than surrender the brave men under his command without conditions."

"Ah," said Cline, catching sight of Bernard. "As I live, there is my worthy young friend, Bernard Pearson. So you left our little circle to take part in this attempt, my worthy ir."

"Hardly," said Bernard. "If I had come in time, this attempt would never have been made."

"It will be a sad thing to convict a handsome young man like you of being a spy," said Cline, "but such I fear will be your fate when you fall into the hands of Prescott. As for the rest, I am not so certain; *you* are sure to hang."

"You have your answer, lieutenant," cried Allen, angrily. "Go back to your commander, or I will have you tied to a tree and give you border law, forty stripes save one, if I am hanged or not."

Cline withdrew, and the moment he entered the bushes the fire recommenced with renewed vigor. The Canadian allies of Allen, never very hot in the cause, melted away like snow before the rays of the sun, until Allen stood upon the bank, surrounded by the remnant of that valiant band of heroes who had followed his fortunes from their native mountains. Only thirty-eight in all were left, and these were not all unscathed, for, while seven lay desperately wounded upon the soil, at least half the others had slight hurts to show. Their desperate valor won the admiration of Haverly, and he sent a sergeant to Allen with terms which he could accept, stating, however, that he would not include the man known as Bernard Pearson in the arrangement.

"You see I was right, Bernard," said Allen. "They would destroy you. Say to your commander that I will subscribe to the articles of surrender, hoping to be received in a manner worthy of my rank. I wish only fifteen minutes to prepare to receive him, and then he may advance."

The sergeant withdrew, and Allen turned to Bernard, shaking him cordially by the hand. There was no time to spare, and simply waving his hand to the men, in a mute farewell, Bernard plunged into the rushes which bordered the



river-bank, and was lost to sight. When Haverly came to secure his prisoners, the first one he looked for was the missing man.

"Pearson; where is he?"

"I beg your pardon, sir. Here are all included in the terms of the surrender. By your own express terms, Bernard Pearson was excluded, and he chose to take his chance of escape to the certainty of hanging held out to him by Lieutenant Cline."

"Scatter and search," cried Haverly, furious at this intelligence. "A hundred guineas to the man who brings him to me, dead or alive."

A hundred of the Indians at once began the search, up and down the sedgey banks, looking in every cranny which could, by any chance, hold a man. Not a nook was passed over in the search, and yet Pearson could not be found. The canoes used by Allen still lay upon the bank, and even if one had been taken, it would have been impossible for a man to have crossed the stream without being seen. Cursing his ill luck, Haverly secured the prizes already in his grasp, and ushered them, without further ceremony, into the presence of the autocrat of Montreal, Prescott.



## CHAPTER XII.

## A BRUTE, AN ASSASSIN, A VICTIM.

HISTORY has informed us how this small tyrant and petty despot treated the man who, at least, had the merit of bravery, although rash to the last degree. Prescott's language was that of a Thames waterman, and his manners those of a boor. Ascertaining that this was the Allen who had captured Ticonderoga and its garrison, the fury of his small nature broke out afresh. He cursed him in no measured terms, and threatened him with the halter at Tyburn tree. When he had expended his rage in words, he ordered him to be bound, hand and foot, and carried on board the Gaspee, a schooner of war, lying in front of the city. Finding himself thus inhumanly treated, Allen wrote a letter to the commanding General, requesting the treatment due his rank. No answer was returned, and he was kept in irons, which were of the heaviest kind, and so fastened as to put him in continual pain. He was handcuffed and his ankles confined in shackles, fastened to a bar eight feet long. Thus confined, he was thrust like a dog into the hold of the schooner, having neither a bed nor any other article of furniture, except a chest, upon which he was suffered to sit or lie upon his back, the only two positions allowed him by his irons. His companions, who surrendered upon the same terms as himself, were handcuffed in pairs and heavily manacled.

For some days nothing was heard of Bernard Pearson. Whether he had sunk in the St. Lawrence, or had passed the river in safety, no one knew.

Haverly, openly aided by Walter Cline, was persistently pursuing his suit with Mona, and she was holding out bravely against them. Even the charge of filial ingratitude could draw from her nothing but tears. All about them the signs of war grew more and more imminent, for Chambly had fallen before the troops of Montgomery, and Carleton saw that he must risk a battle in the field, or give up the fight. Haverly



was growing more and more desperate as he found himself powerless in the hands of Cline, and the latter, rendered more savage by his own danger from William Milburn, whom he seemed to fear more than Haverly feared him, pressed the young captain the more.

"You will drive me too far one day," said Haverly. "Why do you not keep your word with regard to Mon? You promised to *force* her to become my wife."

"Do you think I will drag her to the priest with you?" said Cline.

"It must come to that before she will yield," said the other. "These cursed Americans give us so much trouble now, that I have no time for any thing. Do you remember the paper which was taken from you that night?"

"Curse you, it was your fault."

"I know it was. Whom would you most fear if that paper reached his hand?"

"William Milburn," said the ex-servant, with a shudder.

"Then read this, which was sent me this morning."

Cline took the paper, and in his terror it seemed to rattle in his hand. It began abruptly:

"SIR: Be so good as to inform your friend, Walter Cline, that the paper which was taken from him on the island of St. Helen's is now in my possession. He will know that this means war."

Cline rose slowly, and threw the paper on the floor. Then, drawing the poisoned poniard from his bosom, he removed the buck-skin sheath, and looked intently on the blade. "It is decided," he muttered; "either William Milburn or Walter Cline must die, and it will not be Walter Cline. I will see you again, at night, Wharton."

Without a moment's hesitation, he turned into the street in which William Milburn lived, and knocked. The door was opened by Matthew, who did not seem in the least surprised by the appearance of Cline, and led the way at once into the room where his master sat.

"Place a chair for the gentleman and retire, Matthew," he said, coldly.

With a look like that of a mastiff who wishes to fly at the throat of his enemy, but is restrained, Matthew complied, and retired. The two sat looking at each other, in silence, for



some moments, the fine face of Milburn expressing a cold determination, and that of Cline dogged obstinacy.

"It will be necessary to go over some ground with you before we come to the point at issue, and you will see how I will put the case when I appeal to the laws of my country for redress. Let us suppose a case. There are two men of high rank in England, at least closely allied to a noble family, and themselves first cousins. These love the same woman, and one succeeds in winning her. The other, a cold, dark man, waited patiently for his revenge, and suborned a woman who was nurse to the little daughter of his rival to fly with her, and hide from pursuit in some obscure part of France. There she lived for years, until the mother of the child sunk into the grave, when the remorse of this woman awoke, and she would have told the father of the child where she was to be found. Dying, she wrote a confession of her crime, and enjoined it upon the man, who had tempted her to sin, upon his solemn oath, that he would not lose the paper, and if about to die, would send it to the father of the child. Her shade should haunt him if he forgot his vow. As time went on this man was guilty of the crime of murder—"

"Hush," whispered the listener, with livid lips. "Are you mad?"

"Be silent! This man was guilty of a murder, and only one could have proven it against him, and that one was the cousin he had so deeply wronged. He knew that the blow came from his cousin, but he could not bring proof. The murder on London Bridge, done in the heat of passion, it is true, gave him a hold upon him, and he sought to force from him the secret of the place where he had hidden the child. But the villain knew his danger, and fled. Since that time it has been one continued scene of flight and pursuit, the father continually haunted by the doubt that he could prove the identity of his child, when it came to the test. All that was needed was the death-bed confession of this perfidious woman, who had stolen the child, and which he, at last, became possessed of, in a way which I need not name."

"Are you the Specter Spy, who has followed me so long?" demanded Cline.

"Let that rest. The question, if I answered 'Yes' or 'No,'



could serve no purpose. It is enough that the paper has reached the man for whose hand it was intended, and that he now demands his child. But first, let me ask a question: Knowing that this paper would reveal all I wished to know, why have you so long preserved it, when by destroying it, you might have rendered it impossible for me to identify the child?"

"I will answer that, not because you have any claim to know, but because it is a libel on my judgment to say that I did not know the result if you obtained it. I am superstitious, and I believe that the Specter Spy is the ghost of the man whose life I took on London Bridge, ten years ago. I believed that the dying woman would keep her word to me, and if I destroyed the paper, would have haunted me night and day. Death! did I not have enough specters about my pillow without hers being added?"

"I understand your motive now, and I am glad it was strong enough to preserve this paper. I will not speak of your noble name, to which you might have added honor, if you chose, rather than infamy. I will not speak of the bright opportunity offered you for a great and useful life. That time passed, and I have come to claim my revenge from the man who robbed me of my wife and child; for you killed the first when you hired that vile woman to steal my daughter. What do you answer to my just demand?"

"I answer this!"

As he spoke, he suddenly drew the poisoned dagger, and lurled himself upon the speaker, whirling the weapon above his head. As he did so, and when the fate of the man seemed sealed, a pistol cracked, and the arm which held the weapon fell pierced by a bullet. Rising quickly, after the first surprise, the assailed became the assailant. Grasping the wounded man by his unwounded wrist, the active man planted a blow between the eyes of Cline, which sent him reeling to the earth, and then he planted his foot upon his breast and dragged the poisoned weapon from his hand. At the same moment a door flew open, and Matthew, accompanied by Bernard, entered the room.

"What shall we do with him?" said Bernard. "Look out for that dagger; *it is poisoned!*"



"I thought so," said Milburn. "The man would be equal to any atrocious deed now. Let him go his way, and leave us to work out our destiny as we may. Go out again, before he recovers, Bernard."

Bernard hurried out, just as the stupefied man rose to his feet, glaring about him, like one in a dream. The next moment he broke into a bitter laugh, and looked down at his bleeding arm.

"I might have known how little my power is when compared with yours, William," he said. "Enough; I am conquered, and you shall have the child. You will find that, though I took her from her mother's arms, I have not neglected her. Mona is her mother over again—a faithful copy. I loved her mother dearly, but scarcely more than I now love her child. The deepest agony I have suffered through my long life is at this moment, when I know that she will be taught to hate me. I could endure any thing better than that."

"Go, Walter. I feel my heart growing tender toward you, the son of my mother's favorite sister. Keep Mona with you to-day, and at the morning's dawn I will come to claim my own."

Cline went out with bowed head and a demoniac gleam in his dark eyes. Even then he was planning new villainy. As he went out at the open door, he passed Matthew, who grinned broadly.

"I will yet be even with you, honest Matthew," muttered Cline, "or I have a pumpkin on my shoulders instead of a head. Let us see."

That day Carleton marched out to give battle to the Americans, and was met by Warren at Longueuil. The sturdy valor of the Green Mountain Boys proved too much for the large but undisciplined force of Carleton, and he was driven back in confusion. Cline and Haverly returned to Montreal, after an hour spent in consultation. At nightfall two masked men entered the house of the linen-draper, bound him and his son, and seized upon Mona, stopping her cries by gagging her. Three horses were at the door, which took them quickly to the upper end of the island, where a canoe lay with the paddles. Here they removed the gag and took off their



masks, showing the dark faces of Walter Cline and Wharton Haverly.

"You wonder why we have done this," said Cline. "You know me better than to believe that I would do any thing to make you unhappy, if it could be avoided. But events have so shaped themselves that you must be the wife of Wharton Haverly."

"Did you not yourself warn me against him?" she asked with spirit.

"True. But circumstances alter cases. I do not set Wharton Haverly up as a model for young men to copy. On the contrary, I have seen far better men than he is, quite often. But, for all that, I have said you shall marry him."

"I would die first. Father, I will tell the truth. I love another."

"I know it."

"Let me tell you how it was. I met him in Quebec four years ago, and he saved me when my horse became unmanageable, when I was riding upon the plains of Abraham. He is handsome and brave. You yourself, if you could see him, would say so, too. I love him dearly, and will never marry any one else."

"Bah! I have seen your Adonis, and can not say I share your rhapsodies. The young man is well enough, if that were all, but that is not the question. I do not wish you to marry him, and I do wish you to marry Wharton Haverly. Into the canoe! Who knows but the Specter Spy is trailing me already? I expect nothing else. Have your pistol ready for him, Wharton."

Mona took her place in the canoe, in the center, Haverly in the bow, and Cline astern. Cline had brought a rifle with him, which was lying in the boat in front of him. They pushed off into the stream and turned upward. Cline's plan was to go to a village up the river, about fifteen miles, and there have the young couple married according to the usages of the Roman Catholic church, of which he was a member. They had not gone a mile when Cline paused and leaned upon his paddle.

"I could almost swear I heard another paddle," he said. "Wait a moment."



## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE VENGEANCE OF FATE.

Haverly ceased paddling and listened. Not a sound could they hear, save the monotonous swash of the river water upon the shore. "Bah," said Cline. "I was mistaken. Who should follow us on such a night as this?"

"The Specter Spy!" cried the same terrible voice they had learned to fear. "Ha! ha! ha!"

The sudden sound so terrified both men that it was with difficulty they kept the canoe upright, and she drifted downward. Then the wild instinct of flight became strong again, and they bent to their paddles, lashing the water into foam in their efforts to escape. A little to the right they could make out a small white object, hanging on their quarter, and steadily keeping them in view. The moon was now coming up, and Cline took up his rifle and aimed it at the white object which was following them. Just as he was about to fire it suddenly disappeared, and he remained with leveled rifle, looking vacantly into space.

"Ha! ha! ha!" came the shrill laugh over the water. "Labor as you may, the Specter Spy and Wizard Canoe is on your track, and you can not escape."

"It was not *my* plan," grumbled Haverly, "so don't look so savagely in my direction, Mr. Cline. I won't have it laid at my door."

"We are two fools, to dream of outwitting our evil genius," replied Cline, gloomily. "I begin to suspect the trickery there is in all this. We may fathom it yet. Paddle forward slowly and let me be on the watch."

Mona was frightened, but remembering that her lover had told her the Specter Spy meant no harm to her, she was content to wait. The canoe glided slowly through the water, under the easy strokes of Haverly's paddle, while Cline, rifle in hand, waited for the strange appearance. Suddenly a wild yell sounded in front, and Haverly pointed with a finger flick-



ering with fear, to a white object in front which was crossing their bows at a rapid rate. As they gazed the water boiled and foamed about it as it had done on the night when they had chased the Wizard Canoe upon the river, and it was gone.

"Oh, Captain Haverly," cried Mona, "it is the same strange thing we saw upon the river. I dare not look at it again. It is too terrible."

"Lay aside your rifle, Lieutenant Cline," said Haverly. "We are wasting time. I think it was upon yonder point you told the men to meet us with the bateau."

"Yes. But you can tell nothing about these Canadians. They may come and they may not. If they disappoint us, we must cling to the canoe."

They landed on the point, and the two men stepped out, leaving Mona sitting in the canoe. They climbed the bank and looked about for the bateau they expected to meet. It was not in sight, and they were still looking anxiously toward the city, from which they expected it to come, when a rushing sound was heard, and the Wizard Canoe struck the beach close to their own boat. The click of springs sounded, and out of the strange craft, now grounded high and dry upon the beach, bounded the upright figure of a man whom Mona recognized with a cry of joy. It was Bernard Pearson. With a single agile bound, he flung himself between the two men and the girl, a pistol in each hand, confronting them with livid eyes.

"Walter Clinton, for Clinton is your name, is this the way you keep your promise to your cousin? Would you rob him of his child twice?"

"Who are you?" screamed Cline.

"The 'Specter Spy'!" cried Bernard.

"I might have known it," cried the baffled man. "What do you seek here?"

"Justice for a man much wronged and for this beautiful girl."

"Fool, you have rushed upon your own fate. At him, Wharton. Cut down the vile cheat."

"Not so fast," cried Bernard. "I would not have your blood upon my head, but if you move a step nearer, you die."

They were about to rush upon him, in spite of his threatening attitude, when he made a sudden spring, and, pushing



off the canoe in which Mona still sat, followed it with a bound. He was not a moment too soon, for just then a hairy ball seemed to glance from a tree-top over their heads and fell upon the two men who stood cursing on the shore. Bernard, facing the tree, had caught a glimpse of the fearful beast in time to save Mona, but could do nothing for the others, who were rolling over upon the shingle, stained with their own blood, fighting the most terrible inhabitant of the American woods—the panther. It was a confused struggle on the dried bank, the man and beast seemingly entangled in one inextricable tangle under the moon's rays. Bernard raised his hand to his mouth and gave a clear whistle, and then, tightening his belt, prepared to go back to the shore, taking Cline's rifle, which still lay in the boat.

"What are you going to do?" said Mona, faintly. "You will be hurt."

"I will save one if I can. Whoever the beast struck first is past redemption. Take the paddle and keep the canoe about so far from the shore."

Springing into the water, which rose to his waist, and holding the rifle high above his head to keep the priming dry, Bernard reached the shore. Just as he set his foot upon the shingle the panther reared himself upon his hind legs, as a cat sometimes does when pouncing on an object, and Bernard took the opportunity offered. The rifle cracked, and Bernard sprang backward into the water, while the panther alighted upon the very spot where he had stood, quivering in the agonies of death. Satisfied that his race was ended, the young man stepped back, and taking the canoe by the bow drew it to the shore. The panther was dead, for the bullet had passed through his brain.

"Keep back, Mona," cried Bernard. "Let me go first."

It was a hideous sight which the moonlight revealed upon that mossy bank. Haverly had been the first one struck, and was killed in the first onset. His head was mangled in a fearful manner and his neck was broken. But Clinton—Cline no more—was such a ghastly sight to look upon that Bernard called aloud to Mona to keep back, and sprang down the bank to stop her.

"Do not come," he gasped. "One of them is dead, the other



past hope, and you must not see them. Thank God, here are the others."

The rapid beat of hoofs could be heard, and they were surrounded by a band of Green Mountain Boys, under Seth Warner. Milburn rode by the side of the Vermonter, attended by Matthew, and leaping from his saddle, clasped Mona to his heart.

"At last, after long years, I claim you. Child of my angel wife, long since a saint in the kingdom! Welcome to this stricken breast."

While she sobbed upon his bosom the others were trying to staunch the wounds of Clinton. It was vain. He had strength enough to ask for Milburn, and he came.

"You have done for me, William Howe," said the dying man. "The first sin of my life has found me out at last. I am dying, and before I go I have something to say. Is Wharton Haverly dead?"

"I am sorry to say that he is."

"Even that is of little moment here. Tell Mona from me to give you the small silver box I placed in her keeping. In it she will find the paper which gives me my power over Wharton Haverly. In a moment of frenzy, while badly in debt, he forged an order upon a prominent merchant in Quebec. This paper fell into my hands and I have used it against him, making him my purse and catspaw. I stifle; give me a little air."

"Can nothing be done to save him?" said William Howe, Milburn no longer.

"Would you save me? It is better as it is, for if I lived I should be your enemy still. Let me make a request. When I am dead give me a grave beneath these trees, beside the flowing river. Let none know that, underneath the grass grown and flowering soil, rests a scion of the house of Clinton. Good-by to all, for my work is done forever."

They bent to raise him a moment after, but he had ceased to breathe. The last request of the dying man was attended to, and an Indian of the St. Regis took the body of Wharton Haverly into Montreal and told the manner of his death.

A few words will explain the mysterious conduct of Bernard Livingston, the "Specter Spy." He was an Englishman.



descended from the same stock as William Howe, and had joined him in the attempt to extort from Walter Clinton the truth in regard to Mona's parentage. Knowing his superstitious nature, he had assumed the rôle of the Specter Spy, and being a capital ventriloquist, he had been able to mystify his pursuers in many instances. Moreover, his movements were aided by the strange craft, known as the "Wizard Canoe," which was nothing more nor less than a submarine boat, ingeniously contrived by himself. The propelling power was a screw worked by a crank, by means of which he could drive the boat rapidly, and by shifting weights in each end could even go below the surface for a moment, and when rising again, show so small a portion of the boat above the water that it would not be readily observed. Bernard had constructed this craft of cedar wood at Quebec, assisted by a most ingenious half-breed. By their combined exertions, and numerous experiments, it was so perfected as to answer well its purpose of canoe and submarine chamber. In it he had made the voyage from Quebec, aided by a small triangular sail which he could hoist or take in at pleasure.

The mystery of the Wizard Canoe was at an end.

"She has done her work, and no other shall lay a desecrating hand upon her," said Bernard. "If I could take the boat with me I would do it, but as that is impossible I will sink her in the stream."

He towed his old companion behind Clinton's canoe out into the deep water, and, cutting a hole in the side with his knife, saw it disappear.

Mona returned to the city with her father, and found the box which held the secret of Wharton Haverly's crime, and burned it to ashes. "Let his sins sleep with him in the grave," she said. "He can do no more evil."

Before many days Montreal had fallen before the arms of the intrepid Montgomery; and William Howe, with his daughter, left it to return no more. Securing a lovely estate near Bennington in Vermont, he determined to pass the remainder of his days in peace. Bernard Livingston followed the fortunes of Montgomery and Arnold until the unfortunate ending of the expedition to Quebec, and then came back to uphold the flag of his chosen country upon



other fields. He fought upon the bloody field of Bennington in Warner's regiment, rising for gallant conduct to the rank of major. After that battle Moma Howe gave him her hand in marriage, and then sent him out to do yeomen service for the flag. But, neither of them, in the long and happy years which God gave them together, forgot the unfortunate man who died upon the point above Montreal. And Moma Livingston, happy wife and mother, when they spoke of that sad time in the pleasant summer evenings, used to say: "If he sinned, he has made atonement. Cruel as he was to others, he loved me well. Let him rest in peace."







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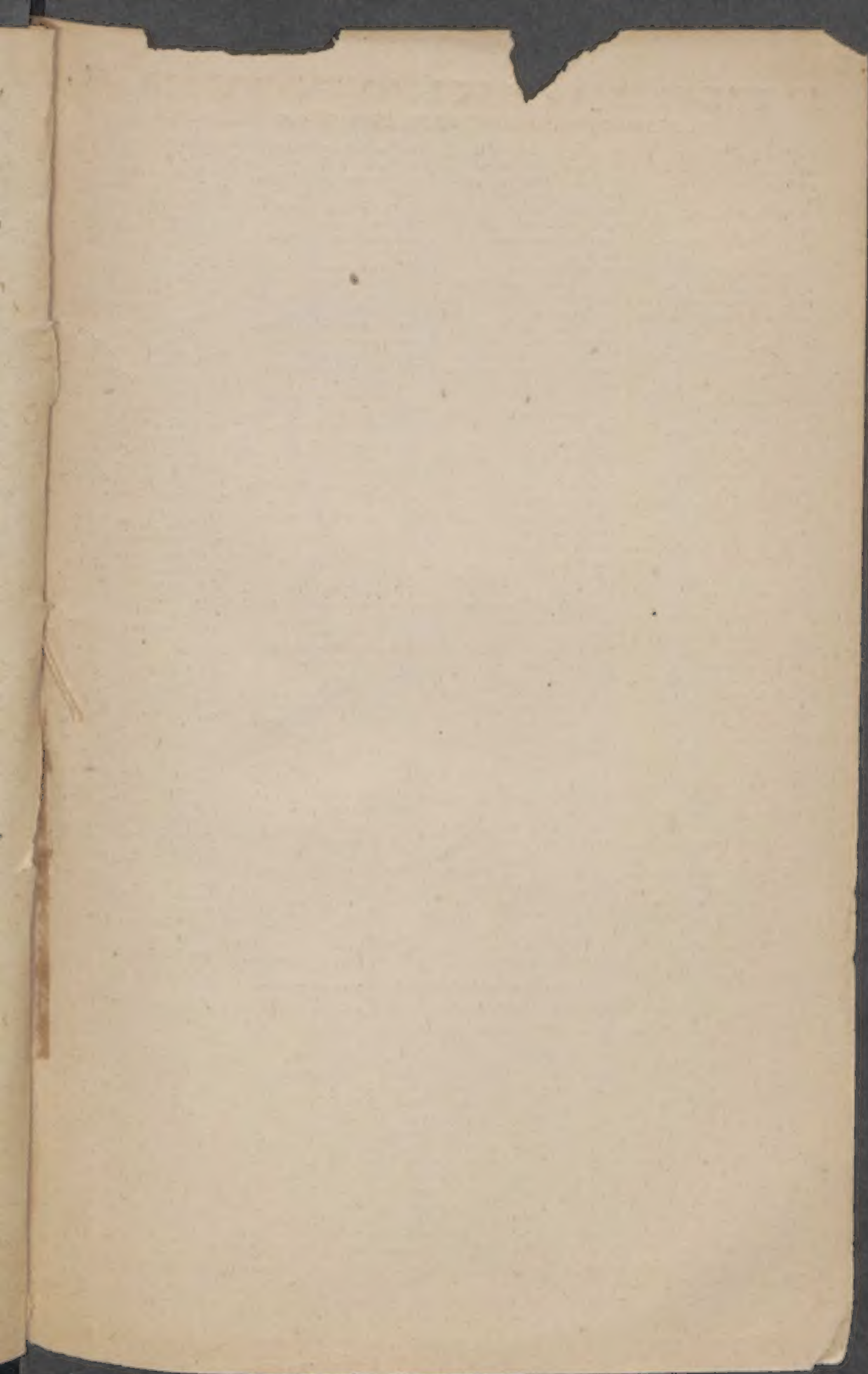
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